

The Nation.

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The Week.

To Japan her meed of praise. She has magnanimously won a moral victory over herself worthy to rank with those compassed by her arms on land and sea. She has revoked her untenable claims, though underwritten by her British ally as wholly reasonable, and apparently regarded by President Roosevelt, in his endeavor to effect a compromise, as at least inevitable and irresistible. Japan may be thankful that Russia did resist, and that the good old rules, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" and "Those who dance must pay the piper," are still operative. We need not repeat the reasons we advanced last week why the peace now being formulated at Portsmouth is a genuine peace, and not a breeder of fresh conflicts in years to come. Each side sponges the slate, and the high contracting parties are not the same who began their stupendous trial of strength at Port Arthur and on the Yalu River. The Russia of February, 1904, is dead, thanks to the happy coincidence of pressure from within and without; and with this new Russia it should be Japan's policy to come into friendly relations. She is a natural ally, and never more so than now, when her sea power is shattered and her motive for making hostile demonstrations in Far Eastern waters is removed. The English alliance is factitious, based on fear and hatred of the old Russia, and not on any special regard for Japan. It may have been renewed, as reported, but it is hollow. Japan, like the republic of Venice, has cast the die and committed herself to expansion on the mainland, where to be on good terms with her mighty neighbors is surely the part of wisdom.

The United States has the honor of being the scene of this ever-memorable peace-making. The President has the personal renown of having brought about the conference; but too little is known of the circumstances of his intervention. He will be lauded by the multitude for having assisted in breaking the deadlock, but he entered upon this delicate task in a manner to impugn his impartiality, and with a scheme which had no chance of acceptance. On this it is not necessary to dwell now. The rejoicing of the hour is, that further slaughter has been averted, and that the Old World has composed its differences in the New. If we could hope that this event marks the last great war between nations calling themselves civilized, then there is no

holiday in our calendar which we might not exchange for the date of ratification—not even the Fourth of July.

"There never was an hour in all our splendid history," said the ardent Mr. Fairbanks on August 23, "when there was a more acute moral sense among the great masses of our people and more uprightness in their relations of life than there is to-day. . . . There is a widespread determination among the people that those who pollute the law shall be compelled to answer for it." Participating in these sentiments as he undoubtedly does, there must be some unpleasant features about the Vice-President's position. For instance, a new charge has been made against Senator Burton, of taking, with a brother who is not remembered at Washington, \$14,000 for representing the Chickasaw Indians before the Interior Department. Then a further addition is made to the roll of Senators "under fire" by the reported discovery that Senator Hopkins of Illinois received from the sanitary district of Chicago fees between two and three times as large as the law allowed. In two years, to be specific, he was voted \$24,034, although the statute limited the compensation of any one attorney to \$5,000 per annum. These may be called purely technical offences, as were those charged in the original prosecution of Burton. But there could not be better examples of that "thought of personal aggrandizement" so deplored by the Vice-President, who has to preside over the deliberations of these men, and show them that "courtesy" to omit which in the Senate is worse than the crimes of any of its members.

Secretary Bonaparte is by no means so anxious as Van Buren to walk in the footsteps of his predecessor. Another order of Paul Morton's he has just reversed, so as to invite competition from Canadian railways in carrying naval supplies across the continent. Mr. Morton, with a stern patriotism which his railroad friends could not too highly admire, had ordered that contracts should be made only with lines that ran "exclusively in American territory." He could not bear to think of ammunition and stores destined for American ships in the Pacific being sullied by crossing Canadian soil. But Secretary Bonaparte, as a less high-soaring but more business-like official, was desirous of getting his freight bills as low as possible, and so opened the bidding to all hands. Nor was he to be moved from his purpose when some able strategists employed by the American roads went to him and pointed out the grave danger

that, if naval supplies were forwarded over foreign railways, "there would be an opportunity for foreigners to obtain information regarding them"! Mr. Bonaparte shouldered even that awful responsibility.

People will more than half believe that the Republicans are afraid of losing Ohio if Gov. Herrick keeps on flying signals of distress. In addition to his attempt to dissociate himself from Boss Cox of Cincinnati, he has now gone on his knees to Senator Foraker, imploring him to come and stump the State. Be it remembered that the Dick-Herrick-Cox machine has been fighting and snubbing Foraker in the most open and cruel way. After he had said that, in his opinion, the renomination of Gov. Herrick would be unwise, the smug little organization took pains to show its hatred for the Senator, and its contempt for his political influence. But it is one thing to carry the primaries and control the State convention triumphantly, quite another to produce the necessary votes at the polls. As the latter task must so soon be undertaken, Senator Foraker has been sent for to come to the help of the alarmed bosses. We presume that a pledge to support him for reelection to the Senate must be involved, so that Ohio may yet be spared the unspeakable disgrace of seeing Boss Cox fulfil his ambitions and become Senator Cox.

Though somewhat overshadowed by the contest for the Senatorship between Gov. Montague and Senator Martin, the campaign for the nomination for Governor at the Virginia Democratic primary, which was held on August 22, was of unusual interest. Representative Claude A. Swanson, the successful candidate, had to some extent thrown his political fortunes in with Senator Martin, and the party organization undoubtedly helped them both to win. But Swanson had also struck out on local issues that made a strong appeal to the young and progressive element. He was first to take up the demand for more State aid to education, pledging himself to do his best to turn an expected surplus of three-quarters of a million dollars next year over to the schools. As the first test of the new primary law, under a Constitution that has practically eliminated the negro and many ignorant white voters, the result is encouraging. The "white aristocracy of electors," as a Richmond correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* a few days ago predicted they would, "looked a little cross-eyed" at the candidacy of Lieut.-Gov. Willard, which was thought

to be based largely upon a rich man's desire for political honors, while Judge Mann's appeal as the enforcer of the Mann temperance law, was too limited to produce any great effect.

The diatribe which Atlanta's Mayor launched against Chicago's on Thursday before the League of American Municipalities was properly ignored by the delegates. Yet his wild charges were not much more ridiculous than the views of those who see in Chicago's present situation a vindication of the municipal ownership idea. The time to draw conclusions from an experiment is when it begins to show results, and even if all were progressing smoothly in Chicago no one could reasonably have expected anything decisive in less than six months. As a matter of fact, aside from a few preliminary victories in the courts, Mayor Dunne's plans have not by any means gone smoothly. Conditions have forced the Mayor, who made his campaign on an extremely distinctive and positive platform, into substantially the position occupied not only by the rival candidate, Mr. Harlan, but by his predecessor, Mayor Harrison, as well. He is now doubtful of the wisdom of condemnation proceedings to secure the unexpired street railway franchises, and is confining his proposals to those lines on which the franchises have already run out. In other words, instead of treating the traction system as a unit, the city will enter the field as a competitor of the existing lines, but with a sadly incomplete system.

This system will have to be built by private capital in any case. It includes 270 miles of track, and, roughly, covers the city. The Mayor himself considers it "a satisfactory municipal system of street-car lines." But it has been promptly pointed out that several of the streets embraced within this system, some very important to it, were also included by Judge Grosscup's recent decision in the list of streets where the franchises remain in force until 1958. Even waiving this point, the result will be, as the *Chicago Daily News* puts it, that "the double fare . . . will then become in all quarters of the city a prominent feature of travel between one's home and one's place of business. In short, to simplify the traction question, Mayor Dunne would make it more complex. To wipe out existing difficulties, he would make more difficulties. To cure the present bad service, he would invent new abominations." This, after all, may not be quite a fair argument for Chicago. The city made up its mind to endure heroic treatment, if necessary; professed itself to be perfectly willing to undergo hardship to the desired end. But other cities should notice just how heroic Chicago's treatment

is likely to be. And, when all is said and done, that city's opinion on the general desirability of municipal ownership is worth no more to-day than the views on warfare of a recruit who has just taken his first enlistment papers.

Mr. Jerome will probably be confirmed in his unwillingness to be a candidate for Mayor by the evidence of divided counsels in the City Committee of the Citizens' Union. One-third of its number voted on Thursday against recommending Mr. Jerome's nomination. Now it is plain that he is in no sense an active candidate. He has not said, as no public-spirited citizen ought to say, that no great emergency could arise which would make it his duty to stand for the Mayoralty. Yet his attitude and peculiar position are such that nothing but an imperious and united demand could swerve him from his announced plan of offering himself to the people for another term as District Attorney. It appears, however, that the Citizens' Union is far from being of one mind on that subject. The Republican organization would pretty clearly accept Jerome for Mayor only as a bitter dose, or with reservation of all rights to vote for him or not as it pleased thereafter. At present, therefore, we do not seem to have the political conditions which would make the nomination of Mr. Jerome for the Mayoralty either possible (from his point of view) or desirable.

That anxious search has to be made for a commanding anti-Tammany candidate, is a biting comment upon the kind of men our party politics is breeding. Is it not extraordinary that, in a city of 4,000,000 people, there is not to-day one man who, by conspicuous public service, by proved integrity and capacity, by hold upon popular confidence and admiration, is spontaneously turned to in such a crisis as the present? In no other field is New York so barren. If it were a question of finding a leader in some great financial undertaking, in a vast engineering work, in scientific investigation, in art, in learning, in philanthropy, dozens of names would leap to the lips. It is only in politics that the careful selection of small men has finally eliminated nearly all the towering figures. The hope of better conditions, in this particular, is one of the things held out to us by Mr. Jerome's independent candidacy. If he succeeds, it will be a signal to men of generous nature and honorable ambitions the country over to come forward and seek that public service for which they are fitted, but from which the boss system excludes them—except at the cost of intolerable indignities and loss of manhood.

The answer of the Equitable Life As-

urance Society to the suit brought by Attorney-General Mayer is a virtual admission of all the serious charges against the management. The counsel of the Equitable frankly confesses the misconduct of the officials, and prays that they be compelled to restore the money which they have wasted, lost, or stolen. This statement removes the last vestige of doubt as to the scope of the legislative investigation. Members of the committee have been reported as saying that they were after "conditions, not men." True, the committee is not a grand jury; but in this instance it cannot even begin to uncover the conditions without uncovering the men who created them. People have a right to know how much of the looting is chargeable to the greed of Alexander, Hyde, Depew, and others high in office, and how much to political intrigue; to know, for example, who got that mysterious sum of \$685,000. We cannot tell how and why the policyholders of the Equitable were robbed without telling who robbed them. Whether the trail leads to the Republican National Committee or to the State Republican machine and Edward H. Harriman and Benjamin B. Odell, jr., it must be followed to the very end.

In the Oneida district of Pennsylvania on August 23, 800 miners were suspended because they "knocked off" work on the occasion of John Mitchell's visit, in order to give him an elaborate reception. President Mitchell denounces this as "tyrannical," and promises that the "rights" of the men shall be protected. On what theory the privilege of parading before the union leader during the working day can be called a "right," we are at a loss to see, unless, indeed, Mitchellism is a religion, and the suspension of these men interferes with "the free exercise thereof." Just so a Mohammedan's employer must allow him certain periods for prayers. Or, possibly, it may be argued that the clause of the 1903 agreement providing that "no suspension of work shall take place by lockout or strike, etc.," implies that suspension of work *shall* take place for other reasons, such as a union jamboree. Natural as is the desire of the mine workers to do honor to a beloved and successful chief, it is incompatible with the commonest rules of industrial organization to stop work for this purpose whenever the spirit moves.

John Mitchell at Tamaqua on Sunday, explaining his demand for recognition of the union, said that he had found to his satisfaction that there could be no "permanent industrial peace" without it. What is his view, then, of the present conditions in the mining region, where the Board of Conciliation has worked for the last two years with conspicuous

success? The award of the anthracite coal strike commission in 1900 expressly adjudged and awarded: "That no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization. . . ." Certainly the anthracite region has never borne outwardly a more peaceful aspect than in the last two years and a half. Differences were never settled with less friction. Probably the condition of the miners themselves was never so good, even if the steady employment at the mines has enabled the operators to provide themselves with stores of coal against a future strike. But all these considerations are as nothing beside the fact that the union must have something specific to fight for. Membership can be drummed up at the promise of a battle when a merely prudential organization among this class of workmen would be in danger of falling to pieces. Mr. Mitchell may reiterate that his "mission is 'one of peace'"; but the knowledge that his following grows in times of strife but declines when things are quiet, does not naturally encourage the leader to play the part of pacificator.

We have been almost ashamed to comment upon the outcry in the South over Booker Washington's having sat down to dinner with Mr. Wanamaker in a hotel. One hates to believe that so many of his fellow-countrymen can be so childish. We had also hoped that Southern people had taken to heart the lesson of their silly attacks upon President Roosevelt for eating with Mr. Washington. But here comes the *Charlotte Observer* asserting that "Mr. Wanamaker's offence is greater than Mr. Roosevelt's." This, it is explained, was because a dinner in a public room is "purely a social function," and "a negro was unmistakably on a social equality." Mr. Washington, the *Observer* admits, is "a good negro; more than that, he's a great man," but still, the purity of the race, etc., etc. And it is men capable of such sentiments who complain if they are called backward and provincial in setting up standards which the rest of the civilized world has outgrown.

The advocates of an international system for collecting agricultural statistics and issuing crop reports have made the most of this summer's cotton-report scandals. David Lubin of California, speaking before the Statistical Institute at London, declared that, statistical science having secured a stable medium of exchange, its next task should be to "eliminate from dangerous price fluctuations the most important things of exchange, the things known as the staples of agriculture." Continuing, he reasons; "Under the proposed Par-

liament or International Institute of Agriculture it will be the farmers of the world and the consumers of the world who will determine the price between them." But will not the chief tug of war take place between the various crop-producing areas? If our Southern States can be roused to wrath by our own cotton estimate when they consider it too large, what will be their feelings when such a bear report emanates from an international bureau in which cotton-buying England and Germany have a hand? Imagine the influences that would seek to affect the international grain market in such a Presidential year as 1896, when low prices for farmers' products might have turned the election the other way. Whether the substitution of international jealousies and rivalries for the speculator's wiles will greatly improve matters, is a point which the champions of the suggested system need to consider.

While we are palavering about a trade agreement with Germany, France has gone to work and made one with Russia. The two situations are not unlike. France takes large quantities of raw materials from Russia, as Germany does from the United States. Something like \$40,000,000 a year of Russian lumber and flax and cereals and oil enter France. French exports to Russia, like Germany's to us, are mostly of manufactured goods, and are comparatively small in amount. About \$9,000,000 was the total last year. Of course, the thing the French commissioners in St. Petersburg had to debate about was, not the desire of the two peoples to exchange goods at a profit to each, but the efforts of the two Governments to make trade difficult—that is, the tariff. The Russian scale of customs duties is high and advancing. The French have their maximum and minimum tariffs, and their sacred protectionist system as well as we. But an agreement, so it is reported, was come to; tariff barriers are to be mutually lowered. Protection is mighty, but business is mightier. When American business men really become angry, and demand that the tariff get out of the way, they will be surprised to see how meekly it will take its hat and go.

Dr. Karl Peters, who recently returned to Germany from his South African expedition, is more than ever convinced that that part of the world was never intended for white men, even though there are now railways and towns where Livingstone found a wilderness to explore. He has expressed his opinion that the whole of South Africa is unsuitable for agricultural purposes of a permanent kind, and that therefore the scheme of the "United States of South Africa" will remain a dream, as the

country, being a mining region, has a too fluctuating population. It has become more and more markedly a miner's camp; and so long as the supply of diamonds, gold, copper, iron, coal, petroleum, etc., lasts, it will be in part a white man's country—after that, it will revert to the dark races. Already the so-called Ethiopian movement, with the motto, "The black continent for the blacks," is making headway rapidly. The champions of it are mostly ministers of the Abyssinian Church, and the Zulu press is used as well as the pulpit, with results which Dr. Peters calls "simply astonishing." The treatment of the blacks by the English, with their so-called "contract" system, resulting in conditions not unlike slavery, is as oil on the flames. Noteworthy also is the growth of the Asiatic element in Africa. Hindus and Chinese are everywhere. There are already entire towns of Hindus, and the suburbs of Capetown and Johannesburg are Hindu. Dr. Peters sees in this invasion "the first great reaction of the temperance nations against the alcohol-drinking Europeans," providing a rich field for future conflicts.

Sir Martin Conway makes an appeal for contributions from the United States, as well as England, in aid of the newly formed "League for the Preservation of the Beauty of Switzerland." Its aim is announced to be to prevent that "building of hotels, making of railroads, enclosure of waterfalls," etc., by reason of which many of the most beautiful spots in the Alps are in danger of losing a part of their charm. Sir Martin remarks that the Swiss imagine that all that has been done is "agreeable to the tourist-crowd," but he warns them that they are killing the goose that lays the golden hotel-bills. Just what is to be done, however, he does not indicate. His real complaint, we suspect, he does not openly state. It is that there should be a tourist-crowd at all. When some people say natural beauty, they mean an exclusive opportunity to enjoy it. And there is much to be said for that view. How can a landscape seem truly beautiful with a group of those German parvenus in the foreground whom *Fliegende Blätter* so loves to caricature? What mountain or valley can really appear of unsullied beauty when beset by agile Americans who have been "doing some jumping" through Italy, and are now furiously covering their Switzerland, travelling every night, and staring nature out of countenance every day? Modern social conditions are really at the root of Sir Martin Conway's trouble, and they cannot be changed. The man who insists upon having beautiful nature all to himself has, in these days, either to "git up airily," or to retire to a more and more inaccessible peak in Darien.

GOVERNMENTAL AUTOMATISM.

The demand of the times is for graft-proof systems of administration. Convinced by sad experience that untrustworthy men will get into office, and despairing of raising the standard of public morality, the aim of a certain school of statesmen seems to be to invent plans that can be administered by dishonest men, if worst comes to worst, without serious harm to the public interest. A minor, though very apt, illustration of this tendency came last week from South Carolina. A legislative investigating committee has discovered that the local agents of the State Dispensary have sought and received large sums of money and costly presents from brewers and distillers for putting their particular brands of liquor on sale. Senator Tillman, father of the system, practically confesses the abuse, and offers a remedy. Is it the appointment of better men for local dispensers? No; but the elimination of all the commercial brands of beer and whiskey at once, by having the State bottle its own liquors. "If we have to discriminate," runs the argument, in effect, "dishonesty creeps in. Let us, therefore, give everybody the same thing, whether it is what he really wants or not."

There is hardly a line of administration in which a similar theory cannot be traced. The matter of buying supplies is the most conspicuous instance. The Post-Office has to fasten its letter-boxes somehow. It picks out a particular box-fastener, and we have Machen and Lorenz and the Groffs to deal with. The Navy Department wants submarine boats, and, because there is more than one kind, we have a scandal in Congress. But the statutes try hard to minimize the possibilities of such happenings. Every man trained in private business methods who enters Government service chafes under the necessity of advertising for bids for every trivial lot of supplies, and taking the lowest, whatever his private opinion may be of the bidders. Read the restrictions which every city charter or administrative act throws about the purchase of patented articles to see how much thought has been given to heading off corruption.

In administration, every detail tends to reduce itself to a hard-and-fast formula. The efforts of Mr. Madden, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, to purge the lists of publications entitled to the second-class rate probably resulted in as much ill-feeling and re-creation as any bit of governmental activity in recent years. A librarian or a buyer for home perusal has little doubt as to what publications are "legitimate" and what features objectionable. Yet the efforts of the Department to draw the line led it into all manner of difficulties, with unreasonable and inconsistent rulings. If conditions are becoming more satisfactory, it

is because absolutely definite rules as to sample copies, premiums, prize offers, etc., are being worked out.

It has been assumed by many students of the railway-rate problem that Government regulation would mean, within a short time, a system of zone or distance tariffs, not because this is desired in itself, but because of the sheer inability of any commission to stand the pressure of rival localities. Favoritism and inflexibility are thought of as the sole alternatives. Some of the safeguards alluded to have been tested by experience, and no one would dream of upsetting them. The merit system itself rests on the same fundamental theory. But in the general effort to make laws that are virtually self-enforcing, there may be danger of forgetting the fact that we are merely exchanging specific responsibility of the executive for general responsibility of the legislature. And the legislature itself has wrestled just as hopelessly with the everlasting difficulty.

The case of national pensions contains the whole story. Our system was demoralized first by the difficulty of deciding whether admitted disabilities were or were not traceable to the war. So Congress in 1890 said: "Never mind whether the veteran's ills are due to the war or not. Give him the pension if he is disabled." But "disability"—a term most elastically defined—had still to be discovered, until the famous Order No. 78 said, in effect: "Never mind whether he is disabled or not. Give him a pension if he is sixty-two years old." Congress retained the right to alleviate the harshness of existing law by passing private pension bills for those whose needs the statute did not precisely meet. These private bills are defended as a sort of system of equity, tempering the rigors of the law, giving more heed to all the circumstances of the individual case. Yet what is the result? Simply that every Congressman or Senator is told how many such bills he can have in a session. Injustices may cry to heaven in one district, while another may not have a surviving Unionist unpensioned; but the quota rule prevails.

The whole practice of legislative log-rolling has its origin in this same weakness of officialdom—confessed inability to exercise wise discrimination. Congress as a whole could not muster the courage to say squarely: "Mud Hen Creek has no commercial importance and no possibilities, and doesn't deserve a dollar of the public money." So every other member claimed as much river and harbor money as the Mud Hen Creek statesman, and some of it went for extremely good purposes. And, if the shameless scramble for "pork" has largely been done away with—a most important reform for which the present chairman of Rivers and Harbors deserves much credit—it has been by lay-

ing down hard-and-fast tests which any stream must meet in order to receive improvement.

After all is said and done, we must trust somebody in the public service. If we reduce the duties of an executive officer to the mere application of a yardstick to the matters that come in his way, we are simply transferring our faith to the authority which provides the yardstick. Government by the methods of the slot-machine, though the logical end of the attempts to make Government functions automatic, might not prove to be the best thing in the world.

REFORM BY PRECEPT.

We are in the habit of looking to the annual address of the President of the American Bar Association for direct dealing with the moral and social problems of the hour. Professor Tucker did not, last week, depart from this good precedent. In one passage of his speech he took up specifically President Roosevelt's Harvard complaint against those members of the bar who, for great fees, prostitute their great abilities to the service of unscrupulous wealth in the working out of "bold and ingenious schemes to evade the laws." Partially admitting that the charge is well founded, Professor Tucker proposed a remedy for the evil. It is the adoption in all law schools of "an enlarged and comprehensive course in 'legal ethics,' to be taught by men of lofty ideals."

With all respect, we submit that this is quite to mistake both our malady and its cure. We are not perishing for lack of knowledge. Every shyster lawyer who extorts an illegal fee from a poor and ignorant woman, as well as every "leader of the bar" who gets rich by devising methods for wealthy scoundrels to cheat and steal and yet go unwhipped of the law, knows perfectly that he is doing a disreputable thing. He does not need to be told that his acts are as repugnant to the ethics of his profession as they are to elementary morality. It is not ignorance that we have to attack, but moral perversity. Motives, passions, desires are at fault, and social standards are awry, not intellectual perceptions. And whenever a society is suffering, as ours is to-day, from topsy-turvy morals and blinding ambitions, it cannot be won back to clear honesty and true estimates of life by the exhortations of a thousand pulpits or of ten thousand professors.

Education as of itself a moralizer of whole peoples is no longer preached by men who try to keep their brains clear of cobwebs. Against Professor Tucker, we cite Prof. William James: "Fifty years ago, the schools were supposed to free us from crimes and unhappiness; but we do not indulge in such sanguine hopes to any such extent to-day." And in the address from which we quote,

this loyal son of Harvard added—never more loyal than when he said it—"There is not a public abuse on the whole Eastern coast which does not receive the enthusiastic approval of some Harvard graduate." Let Lodge, let Penrose, let James H. Hyde deny it! Young men are not to be fooled by mere words. You may tell them in the law schools till you are gray and bald and bent that the legal profession ought to be a beacon of the purest honor, a bulwark of morality and the saving salt of the commonwealth; but so long as students see a Depew pocketing unearned and suspicious thousands, yet accounted one of the most successful men of his generation, honored by State, Church, and University, your moral platitudes will have no more effect upon them than the idle wind. Not what you say, but what he does, will sway the youthful mind.

We had, on the same day with President Tucker's address, a striking acknowledgment of the futility of preaching the purest moral and religious doctrines to men off whose hearts they rebound. The Rev. Dr. Morgan, the eloquent and devout English clergyman, left behind him as he sailed a searching rebuke of American church-goers. He had detected an alarming lack of influence upon their daily lives of the solemn truths which they professed to believe. Creed and practice are not at all articulated. Business men sit twice a Sunday under the tremendous utterances of prophet and apostle, only to go out and all the week cheat, if not with holiness and zeal, at least with entire unconsciousness that their religion has anything to do with the exchange and the counting-room. Lord Melbourne himself could not be more indignant than they at the pretence that Christianity has any right to invade private life. And we know how shocked politicians always are when any minister essays the Nathan rôle with them. They make literally their own the old complaint of the satirist, Bramston:

"Not long since parish clerks with saucy airs
Apply'd King David's Psalms to State affairs."

But if precept thus has so little reforming power, where shall we turn for help? To example. Let Messieurs the great lawyers commence. If they would reestablish noble ideals in their profession, let them display them in their own persons, rather than urge law students to do as they say, not as they act. Let the leaders of the bar assert their leadership in the exemplification of unbending probity, scorn of rich men bearing bribes, eagerness to ostracise or chastise every trickster and money-grabber in their profession, readiness to volunteer their services in defence of public rights, emphasis upon the rewards of a good conscience and approval by the discerning rather than upon \$100,000 retainers and being let into the "good things" of the

bad men they help steer clear of jail. We would point also to the silent working out of the great moral laws which the Creator has written in the heart of man and stamped upon human society. The true standards have a terrible way of asserting themselves in the lives even of men who snap their fingers at them. Awful warnings are, from time to time, given to a society in which morals seem hopelessly confused. The sight of eminent evildoers caught at last in the machinery of the mills of the gods avails more than all the moral teachers put together. It is Providence itself doing the teaching and flogging at home. It is in this view that we have to regard our late exposures of lights of the law and paragons of society and pillars of the church, as immensely tonic. We firmly believe that the present plight of Senator Depew is a greater and more impressive contribution to "legal ethics" than could be made by all the lecturers in all the law schools talking moral abstractions for a lifetime.

THE LAST OF ADDICKS.

The news that J. Edward Addicks is disposed of as a political factor in Delaware, now carried beyond ordinary rumor by the desertion of his chief lieutenant and proxy Senator, Mr. Allee, brings a sigh of happy relief to the country, which has anxiously watched the sixteen years' fight against this adventurer. In a peculiar sense, his campaigns have been the concern of decent citizens in every section. Other States might be bought, but none by such sordid and shameless methods as were applied to Delaware; other preposterous candidates have aspired to Senatorships—yes, and won them—but none whose unfitness was so gross and palpable, whatever standard was to be applied. Thus not only did the name of Addicks become a synonym for everything that was evil in American politics, but it is to be feared that other communities comforted themselves by the thought that their own political conditions, however bad, could not be compared with those which were smelling to Heaven in the old Blue Hen State.

The original choice of Delaware as a field for the operation of buying a Senatorship is the first feature of this amazing political story to demand attention. On the score of venerable traditions in politics, Delaware should have been an unpromising place to begin. Its politics had long been dominated by powerful families, like the Bayards and the Saulsburies, and it had sent an uninterrupted succession of Democrats to the Senate for thirty-two years when Addicks came on the ground. Yet under the surface were elements of weakness. Delaware was small; the \$250,000 which Addicks admits having spent in his campaigns would be the equivalent of more

than \$9,000,000 in New York. Then the rural counties, which had far more than their just representation in the Legislature, were wretchedly poor and contained a large negro element. Vote-buying—though on a relatively small scale—had long been indulged in by both parties. A State where common speech made the distinction between a man's "charging for his vote" and "voting his sentiments," was not entirely unprepared to receive a corruptionist. Moreover, while the southern counties had declined in prosperity, New Castle County, which contains the city of Wilmington, had grown rapidly in wealth and population and had developed manufacturing interests which predisposed it to Republicanism. Addicks undertook to obtain a Senatorship in the same way that he would have obtained a gas charter from the same Legislature.

It is not quite correct to credit Addicks alone with the "redemption of Delaware," for on the last day of December, 1888, when, at midnight, he made his appearance at Dover, the Republicans had already elected a Legislature. It was easy to laugh then, as everybody did, at the pretensions of this stranger. But to review the events of the years that follow is to admire the pluck and determination of the men who stood fast against pressure that was continually becoming stronger. In 1889 Addicks had no votes at all in the Legislature. In 1891 there was no Senator to be elected, and in 1893 the Legislature, chosen in the year of the Democratic landslide, returned Senator Gray. Even in 1894-5, Addicks had only six adherents on the Senatorial ballot. Two of these fell away from him, but by parliamentary trickery these four men contrived to prevent the choice of Col. Du Pont, who lacked a single vote of a majority when the session adjourned in May. This year was the critical one in the fight. Not only did it see the formal split between the factions, but the rallying cry, "Addicks or nobody," then began to carry a real menace.

Thus far, the anti-Addicks men had been in the comfortable position of any established organization which is repelling an interloper. The most trying test of their temper was to come. After 1897, when the Democrats once more chose a Senator, Mr. Kenney, the Republicans again secured a Legislature. This time there were more Addicks men than Regulars. He had 18 Republican votes out of 31, but 27 were necessary to elect. Failing to make headway in the Republican party, he turned to the Democrats. Three of them voted for him on the final ballot, and it has always been believed that others were willing to, but had not the courage in the face of the cries of "Judas" and the threats of violence that accompanied the rollcall. Again it was "nobody"; but Addicks now held the whiphand.

In 1900 there were rival Republican delegations to the national convention, as there had been four years earlier, but this time the Addicks men were seated. The influence of Mark Hanna and of President McKinley himself was by this time on the Addicks side. One of the Senatorships was offered to Samuel M. Knox, the anti-Addicks leader, as the price of his acquiescence. Six other Regulars were won over, and Addicks at last had 22 out of the 27 Republican votes. But he still lacked five, and those five were not to be had at any price. On November 11, 1902, President Roosevelt appointed William M. Byrne, Addicks's unsuccessful candidate for Congress, United States District Attorney; and Postmaster-General Payne, the practical politician of the Cabinet, announced that the Administration was to recognize the "Union Republican" faction on account of its numerical superiority. In the next Legislature Addicks, now claiming that his "regularity" had been acknowledged by every party authority competent to certify it, owned 21 votes. This time a prolonged deadlock was ended by the choice of an Addicks man, Allee, for the long term, and a Regular, Ball, for the short, of which only two years remained, so the Legislature of 1905 had again a Senatorial vacancy to fill. But again Addicks lacked five votes of the consummation of his designs.

That Addicks is not now a Senator is not to be credited to Delaware as a whole—it was complainant enough—but to the group of steadfast men, a minority of their own party, who resisted, year after year, every form of political pressure known to this country. They, led by a business man, a stock dealer, two manufacturers, two farmers, and a telegraph operator, have saved their State from the long-threatened degradation.

TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY BUILDING.

Two projected transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific in Canada and the Western Pacific in the United States, are now likely to be carried forward to speedy completion. The financial support of each undertaking seems to be provided, and contractors are preparing estimates. Each line promises to have an important influence, not only upon the territory through which it will run, but upon Pacific Coast and Oriental commerce.

The Canadian Pacific was opened throughout in 1887, and it has since built and obtained control of a number of feeders and branches. The total length of the system, including leased lines and lines under construction, is given, in 'Poor's Manual' for 1904, as 11,019 miles. The road is now very prosperous: the stock is quoted at 160,

though in 1904 it was as low as 109. The evidences of this prosperity are abundant. Two through passenger trains from Montreal to Vancouver are run each way daily. This year the rush of travel has been so heavy that the trains have often run in at least two sections, and the Canadian Pacific hotels in the Rocky Mountain resorts have been compelled to turn away many travellers. The low rates to the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland have, of course, drawn large crowds, but, aside from this special cause, the rapid settlement of the wheat belt and the North Pacific coast assures a steadily growing passenger traffic. No expert testimony is needed to explain the source of freight earnings. From Winnipeg to Calgary the country is becoming rich. The volume of advertising in the Winnipeg newspapers is one of a thousand signs. On every siding, cars are loading and unloading freight. At every junction and distribution point, such as Regina, Medicine Hat, and Calgary, vast stocks of agricultural machinery are in plain sight from the car windows.

The Grand Trunk proposes a line through the country farther to the north. That there is room for a railway there, that the business is increasing so swiftly as to furnish enough for both railways, no one seems to doubt. Indeed, the extension of the Grand Trunk ought, if precedent be of any value, to be a benefit to everybody concerned. The United States was importing wheat last autumn; and it cannot be many years before the world will require the products of all the wheat lands which may be opened by both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk.

On this side of the border the Western Pacific is hailed by residents of the Pacific Coast as the long-desired rival of the Southern Pacific. Whether it will be an active competitor remains to be seen. The north coast is in the hands of the Hill lines, which have ports at Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland. The Southern Pacific also runs into Portland, and it controls practically all the railway traffic in California, where its relations with the Santa Fé seem entirely amicable. California has not submitted to this monopoly without many protests, but they have hitherto proved unavailing. In the old days the mine owners bitterly complained that the railways were eating up their profits, and there was more or less hostility between the "mining group" and the "railway group" of capitalists. The farmers and fruit-growers, who are now adding so much to California's wealth, are in a state of chronic rage against the Southern Pacific. It has tied itself up to a private-car monopoly, which, the farmers declare, charges extortionate rates for carrying fruit in cold storage to the Eastern markets. The merchants of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and the

smaller cities and towns present their grievances in still another bill of particulars. The Southern Pacific controls coastwise steamships. It has also been deep in State politics. Indeed, the picture of affairs in Frank Norris's 'Octopus' is by no means pure fiction.

The news that, under the organization of the Western Pacific, the Gould system will reach out from Salt Lake City to the coast and furnish a through connection to the Atlantic seaboard, has therefore provoked extraordinary interest in California. The papers have been full of it. Men on the street are eager to discuss it. No doubt a road which should deliver California from the Harriman monopoly would be a strong stimulus to the development of all the industries of the State and to trans-Pacific trade. One need not accept the extravagant estimates of enthusiasts as to the capacity of the Pacific Coast to support a large population. One may have his doubts about twenty or thirty millions of people in the near future, but he can still believe that two million residents in California and three-quarters of a million in Oregon are far below the possibility. Both States contain many undeveloped resources. Capitalists, as well as farmers, are naturally reluctant to put their investments at the mercy of a corporation which has provoked so much hostility as the Southern Pacific. The fruit-grower who finds that icing and freight charges to New York amount to more than the price of his fruit, refuses to put any more land under cultivation. If the Western Pacific does nothing more than force the Southern Pacific to adopt a more conciliatory policy, it will be a great boon to the whole Coast.

HYMNALS, OLD AND NEW.

A new hymnal is announced by the Methodist Book Concern, a book which must soon find its way into all Methodist churches, North and South. A volume which reaches so many people—over four million members, with an equal number of adherents—is an educational force to be reckoned with; to hundreds of thousands it will be a handbook of poetry, music, and religion. In Methodist—as in other non-liturgical churches, the Bible lessons and the hymns are the most elevating part of the service. In neither prayer nor sermon can any preacher of the denomination hope to offer such a stimulus to mind and soul. Nor can the minister take offence when members of his congregation flee from the commonplace in consequence of his discourse, and take refuge in the pages of the hymnal. Hosts of sincere worshippers find church tolerable because they can close their ears to the droning exhortation, and commit to memory a hymn or two.

This we say, in spite of the fact that

so much religious poetry is neither religious nor poetic. Hymn-books are overloaded with stuff which has nothing to recommend it but doctrinal soundness. Fervor of emotion and beauty of diction are absolutely wanting. In this matter, however, there has in recent years been considerable improvement. The late Rev. Charles S. Robinson, for example, compiled a hymnal which was a decided advance on those in general use. The Episcopal Hymnal, published about ten years ago, marked another step forward; but it contains too much—679 hymns. The new Methodist Hymnal has 717; but it supplants a collection containing 1,117—an appalling mass of mediocre verse. The difficulties of discarding any hymn, once admitted, are apparent. However banal the words or flat the jingle, they have pleased some people, have become hallowed by searching of heart, high aspiration, hope of eternity, and sorrow for the dead. The joint commission, which saved but 477 of the old hymns and added 240 new, has therefore shown uncommon firmness.

Of course, not all the new are recently written; they are drawn from all sources, ancient and modern. The whole of the last century, with Heber, Keble, Newman, Bonar, Montgomery, Faber, and Neale has produced hardly 240 worthy hymns. Two of the new hymns, Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Kipling's "Recessional," are sure to provoke adverse comment. Both are solemn and in a way devotional; but "Crossing the Bar" seems almost too elaborately metaphorical, too artificial, to make a direct and telling appeal, while the "Recessional" owes something of its vogue to the fact that it isn't a Barrack Room Ballad. Earnest souls have accepted it as proof that the profane Kipling of "Fuzzy Wuzzy" has reformed, and is bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.

The world is yet waiting for a volume of hymns on the scale of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," the choicest, and nothing else. The number of selections would probably range between two and three hundred. The task has been more than once attempted, but never with great success. No denominational hymnal can supply the want. That work is compiled with an eye to the traditions and temperament of a sect. The keen theologians who pass upon the work scent Arminianism, Socinianism, or other vile heresies in the most innocent and odorless syllables. As a critic of this Methodist Hymnal notes, "Hymns, flawless in themselves and eminently congenial, say, to Presbyterian or Congregational worship, might not meet the demands of the Methodist spirit of worship." The men who undertake a small anthology of hymns, then, must be blessed with a catholic and unprejudiced taste.

The phrase "spirit of worship," just

quoted, suggests another limitation. All hymns are religious verse, but all religious verses are not hymns. A metrical statement of the doctrine of the Trinity or the theory of atonement may be as valueless for purposes of worship as a metrical statement of the proposition that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Indeed, too many of the hymns written in periods of religious controversy have been weighted down with doctrinal theory. John Wesley himself, in the preface to his collection of hymns, dated 1779, boasts that these hymns "contain all the more important truths of our most holy religion, whether speculative or practical," "illustrate them all," and "prove them both by Scripture and reason; and this is done in a regular order." That, indeed, is the defect of the book; it contains too much that is merely expository, argumentative, or hortatory. Take, for example, two stanzas:

"Lovers of pleasure more than God,
For you He suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt His blood;
And shall He bleed in vain?"

"Misers, for you His life He paid;
Your basest crime He bore;
Drunkards, your sins were on Him laid
That you might sin no more."

These lines might easily be matched in all of the older denominational hymnals.

Some of the most inspiring hymns were the product of the early ages of faith. Nothing of the sophisticated Victorian era has touched their simplicity and vigor. When hell was a pit of physical torment and heaven a city of pearly gates, the Christian's fears and hopes were absolutely definite. For Bernard of Cluny there was in all reality a "Jerusalem, the golden; with milk and honey blest," a "sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect"; and Bernard's cry came from his heart:

"For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy holy name, they weep."

No vague remarks on ethics in this—no thin generalizations about the pleasure of doing good, or about joining the choir invisible. The hymn-book that shall gather up the best of this passion of worship is yet to be made.

CHINESE STUDENTS IN JAPAN.

SEUL, July 21, 1905.

Ten years ago, when China fought Japan, the Cantonese, had you asked him what he thought of the war, would probably have shrugged his shoulders, or inquired, in turn, "What war?" It was the Peking Government, not the Chinese nation, that was battling in Manchuria. To-day we find the merchants in every treaty port threatening to boycott American goods, students refusing to attend American schools, house boys declining to serve American masters. China is waking. She may not fight with machine guns and automatic pistols, but she is ca-

pable of waging a war of dollars. The Chinaman is a man of commerce, and in a mercantile battle would be no mean antagonist. The Japanese victories have undoubtedly been responsible, in a measure, for this sudden assertion of China's dignity, but the Japanese schools will have a greater effect than her battleships and her undefeated armies.

In January, 1905, there were 2,409 Chinese students in Tokyo. By the end of June that number had almost doubled. More than half are self-supporting, the others have either been sent by the national or provincial governments, or are the holders of scholarships founded by groups of officials and literati. The students are of all ages, from boys of thirteen, preparing to enter the Japanese middle schools, to men of forty and over who have already worn their official buttons and held office at home. There are Chinamen in practically all the Government institutions, and in a large number of the private, while a few schools have been especially established for their instruction. The greater proportion study engineering, law, or military science. Medicine claims many, and railroading, photography, weaving, printing, dyeing, and soap manufacturing are less popular. The Chinese Government allows each of its students twenty-five yen per month. This sum is paid to the school authorities, and they in turn meet all expenses, allowing the pupil a certain sum for incidentals. Japanese students of the same class are generally allowed fifteen yen a month, for eight yen pays for a four-mat room and the cheap food on which the student is expected to live.

All students are nominally placed in charge of a Superintendent of Education, or, in case none has been appointed, under the Chinese Minister at Tokyo. A set of rules regulating the acts of students was prepared by Chan Chih Tung, the Hankow Viceroy, and was signed by Mr. Uchida, the Japanese Minister to China. The agreement never seems to have been regarded very seriously by the Japanese. It gives elaborate directions governing the entrance of the student into Japanese schools—that he must attend only those institutions recommended by the Chinese Minister, and that the school shall admit him only upon presentation of a certificate issued by the Legation. Certain penalties are also provided for the non-observance of the above, but the Japanese authorities refused to interfere where pupils were accused of offences purely political in nature. In ordinary matters, of course, the students have the same status as other resident Chinamen. Of the many articles, the only one calculated to render the whole effective, deals with the recently established system of "rewards." For a very serious breach of the rules, only, would a student be punished by his provincial officials on his return to China. Obedience, however, brings laurel wreaths and pleasant places. Chan Chih Tung hopes to accomplish his ends by appealing to the ambitious rather than by penalizing the disaffected.

The Emperor has proclaimed that Japanese degrees are to be recognized as the equivalent of the old Chinese Literary Grades. Men whose conduct has been exemplary, and who have entered the schools specified, will be given, upon a reexamination, which may be a farce, Chinese degrees

as well. Five years' study and a middle-school diploma entitle the holder to the Kungsheng grade. A student who, after eight years, secures a certificate from the higher schools is awarded the Chüjen. Three years' further study and a university degree call for a Chinshih. A Master's degree in addition claims the Hanlin, while a Doctorate insures an appointment in the Government service, given only to Hanlins of standing. In addition to the above it is provided in the new regulations that those who had completed their studies before the regulations came in force, shall, upon reexamination, be given the Chüjen degree, and that those who have not graduated in Japan, but have been in the Government employ, may be credited with their term of actual service.

For years Chinese students have been going abroad. The Government sent a number to America in 1872, but later recalled them, as it was feared that they would return to their own country too fully impregnated with Western ideas. Many went to England, others to the Continent, most of them men from Canton and the Yangtze provinces. Chinese interest in the outside world was growing, and the war with Japan opened the eyes of many a thinker. In 1896 a number of Chinese students went to Japan. In 1898 the authorities of Chekiang, Kwantung, and Kiangsu sent a few of their fellow provincials to the Island Empire, and they were followed the next year by others from the north. After the *coup d'état* which brought Kang Yu Wei's brief power to an end, a number of young men went over at their own expense. They were anxious to learn something of Japan's progress and of those modern ideas responsible for her great development.

When the Boxer trouble broke out, there were a number of Chinese students in Tokyo. They had not, at that time, any particular organization, save the association common to all Chinamen abroad. One of the Secretaries of Legation was notoriously a frequenter of tea houses and places of ill repute. The students resented this, and gathered one day at the resort where he was known to be. They drove him out, and then complained to the Minister, stating that, while their country was in a parlous state, with foreign troops occupying her capital, it was not a suitable time for their officials to be dissipating and making merry. This was the first occasion on which the students had taken united action. Tsai, the Chinese Minister in Tokyo, was forced to reprimand his assistant, and the incident was closed. The diplomat, however, cherished towards the students an ill will which he displayed two years later.

Up to 1900 the Central Government had taken little notice of the student movement—each province was maintaining its own group. In 1902, however, there was further trouble between Tsai, the Minister, and the young men in the Tokyo schools. A number of them, self-supporting, desired to enter the Military Academy. The Japanese authorities refused to receive them unless they were recommended by their Minister. The Peking officials were at that time much worried by the activities of the so-called Reform Societies in the South and West, and were anxious that only Government nominees should study the art of war. Tsai, therefore, had been instructed to refuse all requests for permits. The appli-

cants, learning that the Minister's refusal was prompted by the Home Government and not by any unwillingness on the part of the Japanese to admit them, went to the Legation *en masse*. Thirty men refused to leave the premises, and for two days sat there without food waiting for their chief to relent. The police were finally called in, and two of the ringleaders sent back to China, whereupon the whole body threatened to leave Japan. A Superintendent was appointed, and the matter was finally smoothed over and the desired permits granted.

Nineteen hundred and two was an eventful year for this little scholastic community. They managed to protest successfully against the placing of Formosan Chinamen in the Aborigines Village at the Osaka Exposition. On the Kuantung Viceroy Wang Chih Chun's recommending that French troops be called in to quell the rebellion in his provinces, the students wired their Government demanding that the traitor be cashiered. The recent attempt on Wang's life in Shanghai was an outcome of this affair. In the year following, the number of students had increased, and they seemed to take an even greater interest in their home politics. A club was started with 274 charter members, at which topics of the day were discussed. The "Supao" case was considered in mass meeting, and subscriptions were raised to assist in paying the costs of defence in the Shanghai courts. Shen Chen, the reform journalist who was beaten to death by the orders of the Empress Dowager, was worshipped by many as a hero. Owing to the failure of the Japanese to include the Dragon flag in the decorations, the Chinese students refused to attend the graduating exercises at the Military Academy, even after the mistake had been rectified. When Russia, in April, 1903, ignored her evacuation agreement, the so-called "Chinese Students' Army" was organized. About three hundred men drilled regularly for three months until the Japanese authorities requested them to change their names and cease their exercises. When the 8th of October found Russia still in Newchwang, the men in Tokyo telegraphed Yuan Shih Kai, the Viceroy of Chihli, crying for war and volunteering for the struggle. The Club is now the centre of Chinese student life in Tokyo. Each member, and there are some 4,500, pays a nominal fee of twenty sen a month. The Legation contributes 1,200 yen annually, and Chinese officials passing through are entered in the Benefactors' list for varying sums. All provinces have their subsidiary organizations, which hold frequent meetings to consider questions of interest. They elect their own leaders who represent them in the Club councils. Besides a library, well stocked with books of reference, there are reading, dining, and reception rooms, open daily from seven in the morning till ten at night.

The students are well organized, and take good care of their countrymen. Their agents in Tientsin and Shanghai are always ready to look after men who have just arrived from the interior, to help buy their tickets and to furnish information regarding their voyage. From these points the travellers are sent with letters of introduction to

*Four journalists were arrested in the Shanghai Foreign Settlement for printing seditious articles. The Municipal Council refused to turn them over to the Chinese authorities. The matter was finally referred to Peking.

other agencies in Nagasaki or Kobe, then by train and steamer to Tokyo, where the Club takes charge of them until they are safely lodged and established in their new surroundings.

In recent years the idea of China for the Chinese has been definitely taking shape. The students in Japan are imbued with the new spirit, and in the past year or two the number of men who are prepared actively to voice their ideas has vastly increased. So far, there have been 411 graduates from Japanese institutions, 142 have studied in the military schools, 184 have made themselves ready to teach their countrymen. Their sentiments are expressed in their publications, most of which are issued *sub rosa*. Four magazines, printed in Tokyo, are circulated throughout China. Provincial journals, published by students from Chekiang, Hunan, Hupeh, and Kiangsu, stand for as many different means to the same end. The Hunanese are the most rabid and unreasoning in their denunciation of the Manchus. The Chinese, they say, are worse than the Indians, for they recognize only the English as their masters, while the Chinese bow down before the Manchus, who, in turn, are helpless in the hands of the foreigners. Hupeh and Chekiang are working upon more or less similar lines. They desire a Council, a Parliament to regulate expenditure and to check official corruption. They talk of public opinion, and claim that the people only need representation to work out their salvation and bring the nation to the fulfilment of its destiny. Kiangsu, on the other hand, blames this same "people," and preaches education as their one hope. Liang Chi Chao, an exile, at his desk in Yokohama, writes stinging editorials against the Manchus in the pages of the *New People's Review*, while Kang Yu Wei, another patriot with a price on his head, leads the "Pao Hung Hui," a society whose object it is to support the Emperor against the Dowager.

All political discussions are forbidden in the Middle Kingdom, except in Shanghai, where the Chinese authorities have found it impossible to bridle the native press. The revolutionary pamphlets, however, have been spread broadcast by newsdealers, usually Japanese, who have opened shops, and, presuming on extra-territorial rights, sell their wares in defiance of the local officials. Everywhere in China newspapers are being more widely read. The people are beginning to understand. Those who cannot read hear the news banded about in the tea houses, for the Chinaman is a great talker, and, in a land where rumor is eagerly credited, fact must find a ready welcome. The Chinaman is primarily a practical person. He is a business man, and if it can be brought home to him that the adoption of certain measures will bring prosperity, if he can be made to realize that any partition of China would be prejudicial to his own interests, he will be the last man to stand idly by and see the bread taken from his mouth.

It is well known that Chinamen flourish nowhere as they do under an alien flag, safe from the rapacity of their own officials. This the student will grant you, and tell you that his first duty will be to become an official himself, and insure his countrymen at home the same freedom they enjoy abroad. It is a mistake to say, as many

have said, that the Chinaman is not patriotic. His sense of responsibility has, possibly, been undeveloped, but he has a good foundation upon which to build. No man is more ardently attached to his village and his family than he; it would be a step, and not a difficult one, that would raise his local pride to the dignity of national sentiment. The whole body politic is loosely bound by an elaborate network of village and district ties. China is an association of provinces rather than a united empire. It is the student's ambition to make the aggregation a unit.

The men who return from Tokyo will have greater influence with their countrymen than those who have been educated in the West. During their school days they have lived more after the fashion of their own land. They have constantly associated with their nationals, discussing with them their home problems in the broader light of the new learning, the mastery of which is their day's work. Instead of being lost in the midst of a civilization entirely different, and influenced by a race wholly alien, they are in constant touch with a life which is a development of their own, remodelled and modernized. The student desirous of inaugurating reforms at home has constantly before him, as an example, the realization of the very schemes he cherishes as his own ideal. The saner and older men among the students know full well the material with which, and upon which, they must work, and the sentiments to which they must appeal. They do not cry for the expulsion of the Manchus, unless it be found that the present dynasty is unfitted for its responsibilities. The Manchus and the Chinaman, they say, are practically the same; the former has been absorbed by the latter people. They do not demand a Parliament, although three of the great Viceroy's, Yuan Shih Kai of Chihli, the Metropolitan Province; Chan Chih Tung of Hankow, and Chou Fu of Nanking, have memorialized the Throne concerning the establishment of a constitutional government. They know that the time is not yet ripe, that recognition of the rights of the individual is not as essential to the happiness of the Asiatic as it is to the Anglo-Saxon. The great mass of the people are content to till their fields and let politics take care of itself if they be left to their own devices and not troubled by official interference. The latter-day idea is rather to build railroads, not as heretofore with foreign, but with Chinese capital. There must be a common tongue, the Pekingese must be able to converse with the man from Amoy or Fuchau in words, and not by written characters alone.

The students hope to make the people realize that they are part of a great nation, not merely members of the thousands of cities and small communities throughout the Empire. When China understands that what affects the north must also affect the south, that commercial disorder in one province must have a ruinous effect in another, that the peril of one is the peril of all, then will she present a solid front to the world. The Chinaman must be educated. He must be convinced that official corruption and the lack of united effort will be fatal not only to his neighbor, but to himself. His patriotism must, in the beginning, be prompted by self-interest.

China is waking. The change will be gradual. The students from Tokyo will be the leaders in the Renaissance, and it is for that purpose they are training themselves to-day in the schoolrooms of Japan.

WILLARD STRAIGHT.

THE PROVINCE OF THE MEZZOTINT.

LONDON, August 15, 1905.

Your readers may not be displeased if I supplement what I may call the social-historical review of Mr. Sidney Colvin's exhibition of mezzotints at the British Museum, in your issue of the third instant, with some technical observations on the same remarkable show. Mr. Colvin says, in his preface to the catalogue, that he displays less than a twentieth, probably less than a thirtieth, of the mezzotints in the Museum. But there are quite enough for every purpose, and they have been selected so as to give a representative historical series of the best prints in their best states from Von Siegen and Prince Rupert, about the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the engravers who reproduced Hoppner and Lawrence and Beechey in the first part of the nineteenth century.

The result of a study, under these auspices, of mezzotint engraving as practised in the days supposed to be its greatest, is the conviction that never has an art suffered more from its admirers and patrons. Mezzotint has some very beautiful qualities, and is full of delightful possibilities for the artist who understands it. There is no method of engraving that yields such rich blacks, such depth and color, such variety in texture; none, one would think, that lent itself so well to the reproductions of paintings. But it has the defects of its qualities, and probably there is no method of engraving that can be so easily abused, that abounds in so many pitfalls of mere prettiness and meretriciousness. One of the extraordinary things about it is that, technically, its inventor (or rather the pupil of its inventor) left so little chance of improvement or development. There is not a mezzotint shown finer than that famous copy of Spagnoletto's "Executioner," by Prince Rupert. It revealed at once all that can be got out of a plate when the engraver works on it in what the French appropriately call *la manière noire*. And it revealed more than this—or would have revealed more had Prince Rupert's followers had eyes to see—for it showed the value of restraint. The men who reproduced Reynolds and Romney only too often threw restraint to the winds, and sought, above all, the much-vaunted "velvety black" that delighted their fashionable friends but becomes cloying in the end. The blacks in Prince Rupert's print have far more virility and vigor, far more variety of gradation, far more truth of tone.

It is no less curious that the mezzotinters who came immediately after Prince Rupert should have made the mistake of over-dryness in their plates. In comparison with that splendid "Executioner," the prints of Blooteling and Vaillant, of Francis Place and George White—with occasional exceptions, more particularly by Blooteling and Place—have a tendency to hardness and colorlessness. These engrav-

ers seem either not to have known what they could do with mezzotint, or else, knowing, to have been afraid to do it. It is the more inexplicable because the later generation of mezzotinters, when the art had been popularized, went to the other extreme of softness and exaggerated color, even the very best of them. To go through the numerous prints by McArdell, and Dickinson, and Valentine Green, and John Raphael Smith, and the Wards, and the Watsons, and the others, is to be satiated by their sweetness, to weary of their conventional charm. What is apt to be forgotten, since the modern collector has made the old mezzotint the rival of the Japanese print and the postage stamp, is that all these men worked almost exclusively for fashionable patronage, and rarely, like the original engraver, primarily for their own amusement. People went to the mezzotint engraver as they went afterwards to the photographer; what they wanted from him was what they got more to their fancy from the camera and the faker of photographs—I mean the "artist-photographer." The mezzotinter could not serve his clients so satisfactorily, for the simple reason that his business was not to make portraits from life, but to reproduce them from paintings—usually from the work of the most distinguished painters of the period. However, he did his utmost, and it must be confessed, if we are honest, that the distinguished painters often played into their hands. Reynolds and Romney and their school were not always above adapting their work to their sitters' taste; and, besides, the traditions of Van Dyck, by the time they reached the English portrait-painters of the eighteenth century by way of Lely and Kneller, tended to artificial elegance and a tiresome decorative formula; and, in the fashionable mezzotint, elegance and decoration were intensified a hundredfold. Nothing was spared in the affectation or languishing of a pose: draperies swirled with a more abandoned grace, ribbons flew out at more tender angles, and, in the background, foliage became more feathery, clouds more an affair of curves and pattern.

All these things were rendered and exaggerated with the greatest skill, for the mezzotinters of the day were masters of their craft. That they were often artists, too, is proved in plates where the fashionable demands upon them were less stringent, where grace and decorative prettiness were at a discount. I do not think any one can go to the British Museum, look dispassionately at the collection there, and then deny that the masterpieces of mezzotint are found, not among the portraits of women now fetching sensational prices in the sales-rooms, but among the portraits of men now to be had for a comparative song. In these you feel that the engravers were doing the work they cared for in the way that pleased them most. McArdell's "Lords John and Bernard Stuart," after Van Dyck; Edward Fisher's "Laurence Sterne," after Reynolds; James Watson's "Samuel Johnson," Thomas Watson's "David Garrick," John Raphael Smith's "Lord Richard Cavendish," Dickinson's "Duke of Rutland," all after Reynolds; and, to me one of the most successful, Valentine Green's beautiful interpretation of Reynolds's portrait of himself, so dignified and simple in treatment, so true in tone, such subtle gradation in the grays and

blacks—these are the prints that arrest you as you pass, the prints that are the great glory of the art.

Altogether, the exhibition must fill the real lover of mezzotint with regret that so fine a method should have been at the mercy of fashion, both in its prime, when fashion ordered the prints, and to-day, when fashion collects them. Prince Rupert, in his "Executioner," the famous Englishmen in their portraits of men, have demonstrated beyond a doubt what the method can do in the rendering of figures; what it can do in the suggestion of landscape may be seen—not in the exhibition, where there are only two or three landscapes—but in the all too few examples by Turner for his 'Liber Studiorum,' and in the simpler plates by Lucas after Constable. I cannot help wishing that Mr. Colvin, while omitting, as he has rightly, the inferior work of most of the men who carried on the tradition in the nineteenth century, had given a place to these mezzotints by Turner and Lucas, for I know of none that explain better how admirably adapted the medium is to landscape, how entirely it reserves its finest effects for subjects that can be expressed in large, simple masses and broad outlines, without tedious detail and niggling. Here, really, is its province, though one in which it has been least developed. It is when you consider the great achievements of which the art is capable, the great things it has accomplished, in the translation into black-and-white of good portraits of men by distinguished painters; when you remember the chance it offers to the original artist who has fought so shy of it, that you resent the money inflicted on it by fashion—first, by tempting the engravers during their lifetime with a sure and easy means of making a livelihood, and then by giving pre-eminence to their least important, their least vigorous work (that is, artistically) through a passing fad of the collector. When all is said, however, it is only fair to admit that the popular portraits of women in mezzotint, by the eighteenth-century school of engravers after the eighteenth-century portrait painters, are far better worth collecting than the feeble and foolish color prints that are no less the tad of the moment.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE BOYCOTT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What is the matter with the Imperialists? From 1898 until recently they have proclaimed in unmeasured terms the value of the Philippines as "a strategic point commanding the trade with the Orient," etc., etc. Many Americans were deluded into accepting the grievous and shameful burden of the Philippines in view of its prizing open the door of China's markets to their commerce. Let them now contrast the promise with the fulfilment, perceive and admit that the Imperialistic fiction was a hollow pretence to cover a sordid land-grabbing scheme; that the possession of that wretched archipelago has no bearing whatever on American trade with China; that when a Chinaman declines to buy from them, fleets and stra-

tegic points are alike impotent; that trade depends so largely on mutual good will that it is folly to kick a possible purchaser and then expect him to buy a bill of goods.

The Chinese reply to the Imperialistic contention is simply a boycott. So, Messieurs les Impérialistes, marry, come up—what are you going to do about it? Your answer is impatiently awaited by

AN ANTI-IMPERIALIST.

Boston, August 29, 1905.

DOVE AND DIVED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the 17th inst., I find on page 139 this sentence: "It is not generally known that the American submarine *Porpoise* dove [sic] 120 feet, etc."

I have subscribed to your valuable paper for many years, and have been, during that time, an attentive reader of it. I therefore dislike to criticise anything therein contained. It, however, seems to me that "dived" is the correct word to use—not "dove."

CRITIC.

EAGLESMERE, PA., August 20, 1905.

[In Edward FitzGerald's translation from Calderon, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," first act and scene, "Critic" may read this figure of the setting sun. The lines are from the mouth of *Rosaura's* attendant, *Fife*:

"Ah, he's himself past catching; as you spoke
He heard what you were saying, and—just so—
Like some scared water-bird,
As we say in my country, *dove* below."

FitzGerald's "country" was, of course, Suffolk. Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, under *Dive*, enumerates *dove* among the various forms of the preterite, with the simple label, "U. S. and Eng. dial.," to which he adds: "The modern dialectic past tense *dove* is apparently a new formation after *drive*, *drove*, or *weave*, *wove*." His earliest literary quotation is from Hayes's 'Open Polar Sea,' 1867. We think our correspondent is needlessly skittish of the form either as dialect or as an Americanism.—ED. NATION.]

LOAN AND LEND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a belated copy of the *Nation* I find, on page 133, the phrase, apropos of a German loan to the Sultan of Morocco: "To loan money to him is practically to loan money to Morocco." I am writing remote from dictionaries, but is it really justifiable to use "loan" as a verb? The usage is common in the United States and Canada in commercial circles, but much less so, I believe, in England.—Yours truly,

GEORGE M. WRONG.

POINTE AU PIC, MURRAY BAY, QUEBEC,
August 23, 1905.

[Any noun may be used as a verb, but not all such applications will find favor. Dr. Murray gives a chapter to the verb *loan*, remarking "Now chiefly U. S." There are equivocal examples of its use as far back as 1300; the first assured occurs in an act of Henry VIII. Bonamy

Price did not stick at the word in 1880.
—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Among the fall announcements of Macmillan Co. are 'New Creation in Plant Life,' an account of Luther Burbank and his work, by W. S. Harwood; the 'Recollections' of William O'Brien; 'Life of Oliver Ellsworth,' by William Garrott Brown; 'Napoleon and his Times,' in the Cambridge Modern History; 'Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,' by W. Holman-Hunt; 'The History of American Painting,' by Samuel Isham; 'India,' by Flora Annie Steel, with colored illustrations by Mortimer Menpes; 'Persia, Past and Present,' by A. V. Williams Jackson; 'A Wanderer in Holland,' by E. V. Lucas; 'In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies,' by James Outram; 'Sporting Sketches,' by Edwyn Sandys; 'The Far East and the Great War,' by B. L. Putnam Weale; 'Venice,' by F. Marion Crawford, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; the second volume of the enlarged edition of Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'; a 'History of Education,' by Prof. Paul Monroe; 'A History of Political Theories, from Luther to Montesquieu,' by Prof. William A. Dunning; and 'Nero,' by Stephen Phillips.

From A. C. McClurg & Co.'s fall list we select 'With Shelley in Italy,' by Anna Ben-neson McMahan; 'Remenyi: Musician and Man—An Appreciation,' by Gwendolyn Kelley and George P. Upton; 'Arts and Crafts of Old Japan,' by Stewart Dick; 'Far Eastern Impressions,' by Ernest F. G. Hatch; 'Home Life in France,' by Matilda Betham-Edwards; and 'In the Land of the Strenuous Life,' from the French of the Abbé Félix Klein.

B. W. Huebsch, New York, announces 'Christian Origins,' translated by Dr. D. A. Huebsch from the German of Otto Pfeiderer; and 'Beethoven' and 'Mozart,' as revealed in their own words as man and artist, respectively, from the German of Friedrich Kerst by H. E. Krehbiel.

'Perdita, and Other Poems,' by Charles J. Bayne, will shortly be published by the Cole Book Co., of Atlanta, Ga.

The eminent Swedish philologist, Prof. Adolf Noreen of Upsala, author of standard Old-Norse-Icelandic and Old-Swedish grammars, is now publishing his great Grammar of Modern Swedish, through Gleerup (Lund). This vast undertaking is designed to be comprised in four parts, filling nine volumes of 500-600 pages each, so that the whole work will contain something like 5,000 pages. The first part consists of a general introduction; the second deals with phonology, the third with semantics; the fourth, besides including morphology, will provide a detailed index to the whole work. Those who are familiar with the scientific methods followed by Professor Noreen in his earlier publications know what to expect from the rare combination of scholarship, imagination, and critical acumen, of phonetic training and philological learning, which have rendered this author one of the greatest living authorities in the field of Scandinavian languages. The completion of the work will be eagerly awaited.

We have received two dozen volumes of

the réissue, after eight or ten years, of Routledge's "The Muses' Library," with the American imprint of Dutton. In their size, 16mo, and rather small print, they make a popular appeal, but Dr. Richard Garnett, W. B. Yeats, G. A. Aitken, Alfred Pollard, and other authoritative writers have been called in as editors. The poets whose works are included in this collection range from Adelaide Anne Procter and Coventry Patmore to Keats, Blake, Coleridge, Goldsmith, Gray, Herrick, Donne, etc., etc. The volumes are annotated at the end.

Although an apology for Napoleon, Henri Houssaye's '1815: Waterloo,' is recognized abroad as a brilliant and valuable book. The translation by S. R. Willis (Kansas City: Franklin Hudson Co.) hardly does justice to the style of the original, but will serve to convey its meaning, and for that reason is welcome.

'Maria Sophia, Queen of Naples,' translated from the Norwegian of Clara Tschudi by Ethel Harriet Hearn (E. P. Dutton), is rather too slight in substance to make a book of. Maria Sophia was queen for only two years, and although during that short time much happened, including Garibaldi's expedition, she played but a modest part in it. Still, Miss Tschudi succeeds in rousing an admiration for her heroine's fine qualities, and our sympathy for her personal sorrows. Maria Sophia, who still lives, comes of that Wittelsbach family on which a curse hangs like that which blasted Pelops's line. Louis II. of Bavaria went mad and drowned himself; her youngest sister, the Duchess d'Alençon, was burned to death at the Charity Bazaar in Paris; her second sister, Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, was assassinated in Geneva.

"A Digit of the Moon, and Other Love Stories from the Hindoo," translated from the Original Manuscripts by F. W. Bain (Putnams), bears date 1905, but there is no explanation in it of the puzzling fact that it contains a preface to the first edition of 1898, without itself being called a second edition. Nor does it appear whether the present edition is original or pirated. At least one of the four stories appeared separately in London, two years ago. As for the "Stories from the Hindoo," though palpably a pretence, they are graceful fancies, and might as well have appeared for what they really are instead of masquerading as "translations." No Hindu, unless of this generation and under foreign influence, ever conceived these stories. They are an amalgam of delicate European thought and flowery Hindu expression. The native atmosphere has been rather cleverly caught, and the author has adopted several Hindu tricks of story-telling. His acquaintance with Hindu literature appears to be limited to a few often translated classics; but he gets the local Indian color and has a well imitated (though considerably chastened) Hindu style. Many persons will deem his stories charming. At any rate, they are touchingly sentimental and written in extra-florid English. Moreover, they are of a strict propriety, whereas original Hindu love stories would put Rabelais's ghost to the blush. One so well versed in Sanskrit as is the author should in future editions correct the spelling of *usriyāyam* (p. 137) and *purushārta* (p. 174).

The "in my garden" sort of book is losing its novelty. Even India has produced

two or three. The last, if we remember correctly, was from Kashmir. Now comes one from Lucknow, 'My Garden in the City of Gardens: A Memory, with Illustrations' (John Lane). The author's name is discreetly suppressed. The chapters are headed with the names of the months from October to June, when the *Mem Sahib* deserts her garden and flees to the hills. There is less garden than quotation—mainly Latin, French, and early English—and the chief impression produced by the book is that in India the Englishwoman wishes she were back in England. Reminiscences of the Mutiny abound, a well-authenticated ghost story is given in detail, and *dengue* fever is derived from "Aden-ague"! As garden-books go, this one is sufficiently entertaining, and the descriptions are as good as the photographs.

'Sanctuaires et Paysages d'Asie,' by André Chevrillon (Paris: Hachette), is a book of impressions. The author voyages in Ceylon, India, and Burma, and brings before the reader each scene as he sees it, in a series of sentences more or less denuded of verbs, and closing with exclamations. The publishers kindly furnish the reviewer not only with the book but with a ready-made review pointing out its excellences. To one not conversant with Eastern thought it may be said that the impressions here reproduced are sufficiently real, and reflect what one must necessarily experience in seeing the strange life of Benares and the Buddhism of Burma. The Orientalist will not discover any great originality either of thought or description. Here is an example from the chapter entitled "La Mort à Bénarès": "Oui, étrange, cette humanité, étrange sa vie, au point de présenter, plus pressant, plus accablant que d'habitude, le mystère de toute vie . . . Cette vie, je ne puis la concevoir directement; . . . simplement, c'est une forme que j'ignorais, une des innombrables formes de l'éternelle vie. . . . Petites ruelles de Bénarès, quelles ardeurs circulaient et nous portaient à travers leur févieux labyrinthe!" etc., 361 pages.

Records of personal intercourse with Goethe during the different periods of his life furnish some of the most attractive and valuable contributions to his biography. Following Falk and Eckermann at a long interval we had, in 1869, Friedrich von Müller's 'Unterhaltungen mit Goethe,' edited by Dr. Burkhardt, director of the Grand Ducal Archives in Weimar, from the author's diary, and issued twenty years after his death. To Dr. Burkhardt we are now indebted for 'Goethe's Unterhaltungen mit Friedrich Soret,' also derived from a diary written in French and preserved in the Weimar archives. Soret was born in 1795 in St. Petersburg, where his father, a native of Geneva, had the position of court-painter, but from his fifth year he was reared and educated in Geneva and Paris. He began the study of theology, but soon abandoned it for natural science, in which he acquired distinction, especially as a crystallographer. In 1822 he came to Weimar as tutor of the heir to the throne, Karl Alexander, then only four years old. The discharge of this duty brought him into intimate association with Goethe, who soon learned to hold him in high esteem, and often entertained him as a welcome guest. In their frequent conversations the venerable poet expressed his views with

remarkable freedom, and thus revealed some new and striking features of his character, which in no other works of this kind are so distinctly and impartially portrayed. One curious revelation was Goethe's superstitious fear of March 22; he always felt anxious as this day approached, and greatly relieved when it was past. It was on March 22 that he died. In the decline of his bodily vigor this dread may have naturally determined the date of his death. It is the intention of Dr. Burkhardt to publish Soret's diary in the original French.

The eighth volume of Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society might be said to consist of several books. Orrin Edward Tiffany treats extensively (pp. 1-152) the Relations of the United States to the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8; supplementing the narrative with many inedited documents and numerous facsimiles of placards illustrating that heated time on the border. Robert B. Adam's History of the Abolition of Railroad Grade Crossings in Buffalo, a half-century task, occupies a hundred pages more, and can but be valuable for consultation by other municipalities vexed by the same problem. The Dobbins Papers, relating to Daniel Dobbins, a Lake pilot, demand 120 pages. Passing over other titles, we will mention the closing reminiscences of Buffalo Social Life in the Thirties, by Martha Fitch Poole, which are light and pleasant reading. The War of 1812, it need not be said, figures prominently in this bulky volume.

Liberia is apparently entering upon an era of prosperity and development, judging from the account of the negro republic by Sir Harry Johnston in the *Geographical Journal* for August. Though by far the larger part is still dense forest, penetrated only by narrow native paths, or more often only elephant tracks, he found last year that in many places, the coast land which, at his first visit in 1882, was heavily wooded, had been cleared for plantations and towns. He noted a decided improvement in the physique of the Americo-Liberians, due partly to intermarriage with women of the vigorous indigenous races. Up to within ten years there have been constant struggles between these foreigners, who number some twelve or fifteen thousand, and their native subjects, who are about two million strong—a curious result of which is "that the white man in Liberia is received everywhere with great friendliness, because he is not associated in the minds of the natives with anything like conquest or oppression." Recently there has been a marked advance in good relations between the American settlers and the natives, which has been greatly promoted by the wise policy of President Barclay. The Government, in conjunction with two British companies, is seriously endeavoring to develop the resources of the vast forest which, in its wealth of rubber-bearing trees, plants, and vines (twenty-two different species having been discovered), is without parallel in any other part of Africa, except it may be in one or two small areas in the Congo Basin. The foreign quarter of Monrovia, the capital, has broad streets, substantial, well-built, comely looking houses, churches, offices, and public buildings. The attractiveness of the houses is greatly increased by the beautiful clumps of trees and the gardens filled with flowers which

surround them. While many signs of progress are to be seen in the settlements of Grand Basá, the most progressive and energetic Americo-Liberians are to be found at Harper (Cape Palmas), where there is a philosophical society which is doing a good work in collecting and printing statistics about the country. It is a singular fact that there is a remarkable absence of mosquitoes and to a certain extent of malarial fevers in Liberia, though its swamps would seem to be an ideal home for them.

The address delivered several months ago by Lord Rosebery at the banquet of the English book-dealers in Edinburgh, in which he declared that the uncritical acceptance of manuscripts and untruthful announcements of new books by publishers were largely responsible for the increasing overproduction in the book trade of England, has furnished leading German periodicals with a welcome text for a lecture on the ethics of publication to the book trade of that "country of authors and thinkers." For instance, Dr. Oskar Bulle, in the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 149, applauds the position taken by Lord Rosebery. He pronounces the prime cause for the phenomenal literary overproduction in Germany—where the annual output is equal to that of England, France, and America combined—to be the "Schreibewut," or writing mania, of the Germans themselves. Only about a year ago the Strassburg publisher, Trübner, declared it to be his deliberate conviction that only one out of every ten book manuscripts offered by German authors gets published. A second chief cause, according to Dr. Bulle, is the conscienceless way in which book publishers in Germany announce and advertise their publications, with small regard to truth and fact. Especially does he criticise the utterly false announcements that generally accompany the copies sent to the press for review, and for which the Germans have the rather undignified but characteristic name of "Waschzettel," or laundry list.

Complementary to our Korean correspondence on another page, we find in the *Chinese Recorder* for July a noteworthy paper on "Japanese Educational Influence in China," by Tasuké Harada of Kobe, Japan, delegate to the recent educational convention in China. Until a score of years ago, every Japanese looked up to China as his superior and teacher; Chinese classics being regarded as the source of wisdom, and China, except in the matter of science and mechanics, equal to Europe. Even nineteenth-century Japanese sages believed that the Utopia for Japan was a state of society in which the ethics of Confucius and the mechanical arts of the Occident were harmonized. Until the war of 1894-95, China was a great mysterious power, but the victory of Japan exactly reversed the positions of the two nations of the Far East. Now a new era in the liberation and enlightenment of modern China has been entered upon. "A child on a man's shoulder, as he crosses a river, points out to him the shallows," runs the proverb of Nippon. To-day, Japan influences China educationally through Japanese teachers in China, Chinese students in Japan, and Japanese literature translated into Chinese. Near Shanghai there is a school for training Japanese young men in Chinese. It has 320 students and 150 graduates, who

are now scattered all over China, there being now fifteen full professors in the Chinese Government colleges, besides 159 Japanese subjects in other educational institutions in China. They receive from four to six times the amount of salary possible at home. Chinese lads and maidens, to the number of 2,399, are studying in thirty-seven schools in or near Tokyo, the preference being, in their order, for the military, naval, legal, and medical sciences, music and art. These students represent every one of the eighteen provinces; Hupé, Hunan, and Szechuen having each more than 300. The statistics, good for February 1, 1905, might now probably be increased one-third. Most remarkable is the enormous number of Japanese books, from primary-school text-books to voluminous works on science, history, and philosophy, which have been put into Chinese. One publishing house in China has a list of 608 titles, divided into fourteen sections, and covering almost every branch of human knowledge. Japanese in China publish books and magazines, and "a vast number of young Chinese men and some women" read books and papers in the Japanese language. Many Chinese students in Japan return home without fully completing their studies, and lose also somewhat of their good manners and economic training, yet, like Chinese generally, when away from home they are the more susceptible to beneficial change.

The tenth biennial session of the International Statistical Institute was held in London during the first week in August, members from nineteen different countries, including Japan, being present. There were from the United States John Hyde and Professor Willcox of Cornell, Government delegates; Dr. J. S. Billings and Edward Atkinson. France was most largely represented, and the official language was French. In his opening speech as honorary president, the Prince of Wales called attention to the fact that his grandfather, Prince Albert, held a similar position at the international statistical congress in London in 1860. Among the subjects discussed were occupational censuses, the statistics of unemployment, of workmen's wages, and the economic balance of nations. M. Yves Guyot contributed a paper on the incidence of customs duties, in which he said that his figures led him to the conclusion that only 3 per cent. of the total occupied population derive any benefit from protection in France, and that, with the exception of cotton and flax spinners and a certain number of metal workers, all other industrials would profit by free trade.

In Chili there has been within the last few years an extraordinary growth of industrial life, stimulated largely by the high prices ruling in Europe for three of her staple products—nitrate, wool, and copper. In consequence of this increase, national capital is rapidly supplanting foreign. In Tierra del Fuego and Magellan, for instance, there has been a remarkable boom in sheep farms, and land which was largely held by British sheep farmers on lease or yearly tenancy has been bought by large Chilean companies, which in many cases employ British managers. Very high prices have been paid, one British-owned farm bringing a million dollars, and this

in a region which till recently was almost unknown.

The Academy of Sciences in Vienna, if not the first to appreciate the value of the phonograph for scientific purposes, has made as yet the most systematic and successful use of this instrument for the promotion of scholarly research, especially in the province of comparative philology. "The Phonographic Museum," founded by this learned society, contains an exceedingly interesting and constantly increasing collection of phonograms, not only of the utterances of distinguished personages, but also of languages and dialects spoken in different European countries and in many other lands. Expeditions are sent every year to remote parts of the world, in order to phonograph the voices, tones, and manner of speaking peculiar to different peoples, so that they may be heard long after these races have become extinct. Dr. Poech is now in Australia recording the speech of the native tribes. These investigations are not confined to mankind, but include also the lower animals, thus enabling zoologists to study the sounds, vibrations, and undulations in the voices of various species. Such phonograms ought to facilitate the study of animal speech, to which Professor Garner has devoted himself with laudable zeal, if not with remarkable success.

—To the recovery of the body of John Paul Jones and consignment to its appropriate resting-place, we owe the stanzas contributed to the September *Century* in honor of the occasion by Edmund Clarence Stedman. A reproduction of the copperplate engraving of Jones by Moreau, together with the Peale portrait and two views of the Houdon bust, will justify to most readers, we think, the claim that the Moreau representation is far superior to that of Peale. The reproduction is from the print picked up in an old shop by the late B. F. Stevens, about twenty years ago, and later presented by him to the Bostonian Society. Christian Brinton presents, with appropriate comment, a number of illustrations from the plans of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings for the improvement of the national Capitol; and from the same pen we have a few highly appreciative paragraphs concerning the new church edifice of Dr. Parkhurst's congregation, on Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. The architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, have succeeded admirably, Mr. Brinton thinks, in overcoming the difficulties of the site, with its fifteen-story sky-scraper at the back, its 600-foot tower opposite, and its possibility of additional neighbors of the same type in the future. A color drawing, by Jules Crow, accompanies the brief description. Margaret E. Noble contributes a very timely and convincing paper on "Ole Bull as a Patriotic Force," but doubtless some disciple of the later ideas in political development will step in to inform us that the forces underlying the present Norwegian upheaval are at bottom purely economic. In his stories of the Far Northwest, the fourth of which appears in the present issue, Lawrence Mott is serving up in bits a character which would have made admirable material for a sustained piece of fiction. The short-story habit is doing a real harm to literature when it breaks in pieces so lifelike a creation as Jules Verbaux.

—Volume viii. of the Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society (Oxford) testifies to the laudable activity of this body. The civil war, in one form or another, continues to occupy the minds and the pens of most of the contributors, though the Indians receive an unusual degree of attention, and there is a timely exposition of the dispute over their Gulf boundary between Mississippi and Louisiana, now divided elsewhere by shotgun boundaries in consequence of yellow fever. Another novelty (for us) is an "index to campaigns, battles, and skirmishes in Mississippi from 1861 to 1865"—a gazetteer of conflicts, petty and major. This has been drawn from the Official Records, by Stephen D. Lee. In connection with an account of Confederate cemeteries in the same State, by Prof. R. W. Jones, there are lists of their respective dead. Quite the most significant paper is that by Col. J. H. Jones, "Reconstruction in Wilkinson County." We cannot forbear to quote a passage or two:

"It must be confessed that the Mississippi Legislature of 1865 and 1866, assembled under President Johnson's plan of reconstruction, afforded good reasons for belief in the minds of the ignorant negroes that their old masters were secretly conspiring against their newly acquired freedom, and only waited for an opportunity to put their plans into effect. Looking back upon the methods by which that Legislature undertook to deal with the negro problem, one is amazed at such stupidity, at such a display of monumental folly committed by men of ordinary intelligence. . . . They began to amend the slave code by conferring 'additional rights on freedmen, free negroes, and mulattoes.' Among the 'additional rights' conferred was the privilege of marrying in the same manner as white persons. That is, they were graciously permitted to live in holy matrimony, after God's own ordinance, and were no longer to be compelled to disregard the marriage relation and live in legal adultery as required under the slave code. . . . Are we free from responsibility for the almost total indifference to the obligations of marriage which characterizes the negroes today?" (p. 155).

—This is refreshingly plain-spoken for a Southerner addressing Southerners. Mr. Jones goes further, and confronts Northern apologists who inveigh against the bestowal of suffrage on the negroes, by declaring (p. 158): "When I read these laws of our Legislature of 1865 and 1866, presumably enacted by the best intelligence of the State, I was not at all surprised that bitter Abolitionists like Thad Stevens, himself a miscegenationist, should have believed that the Reconstruction acts were necessary to the proper administration of justice in the South." A writer capable of such candor can still betray in himself the root of the evil of all injustice at the South. Says Mr. Jones (p. 163): "The men of Wilkinson County were high-spirited, and were never so depressed as to submit to personal insults from any one, and especially from negroes. They were soon made to understand that while they could drum and fife and parade and vote the radical ticket, and make fools of themselves generally, insolence to a white man would provoke a bullet in return." Does Mr. Jones here speak detachedly, simply as historian?

—The third volume of the Heath Papers, printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society, is full of good historical material. The greatest surprise lies in the quality of Heath's own letters. They leave a dis-

tinctly better impression of the man than can be derived from his stilted memoir. Whether in command at West Point, with the French at Rhode Island, or on leave, he was careful in his duties, considerate in his relations to State and Allies, and capable of a mastery of details united to a certain breadth of judgment that made him useful in holding together a somewhat disorganized body of troops. The post at West Point was of the highest importance, commanding, as it did, the communications with New England, and good management was needed to maintain it with troops badly fed, paid, and clothed. For this task Heath was admirably equipped, and his tact gave rise to an impression of a certain want of decision. He was himself sensitive as to recognition, and his feelings were hurt by an apparent preference given to a foreigner. His mission to the Eastern States demanded decision and exactitude, and what he obtained undoubtedly aided the success of the Yorktown venture. He showed consideration to his associates and subordinates, and smoothed over many difficulties which might have led to serious mutinies. It is creditable to his command that it was ready to march against the mutineering regiments of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Only when the new ration contracts of 1782 had failed was there an outbreak.

—A large number of interesting subjects might be noted from this volume. The letters from Lafayette describing the etiquette to be followed with the newly arrived French forces is entirely characteristic, and lays down principles sound in themselves, but difficult to pursue with ragged regulars and untrained militia. Heath made a very diplomatic reply; but in truth no forms were required, and the Allies grew to respect one another in spite of the great disadvantages under which the Americans labored. Many details of the French stay in Rhode Island are given, as well as the proposed attack on Halifax, the operations in northern New York, and the descents on Long Island. Some letters from "S. G." add to what is known of the secret service, so efficient under Tallmadge, and that officer describes the death of André. Complaint is often raised against the poor quality of the recruits, old men, negroes, and boys, but mention is made of Col. Greene's "very small" regiment of blacks, which was divided when united to the main army, "so as to abolish the name and appearance of a black corps." The militia comes in for a share of condemnation, and even their lack of spirit in throwing up fortifications attracted attention. This volume probably closes the Heath series, as the last letter is dated 1797. The editor, Charles Card Smith, shows his usual judgment and sound selection, and the notes are few but suggestive. A reference to the Washington Papers would have supplied some matter omitted because of torn sheets; and the appearance, without explanation, of a letter of 1777 (p. 153), among the letters of 1781, leaves a curious impression.

—In his 'Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions' (Macmillan), Mr. H. Munro Chadwick of Clare College, Cambridge, marshals the evidence regarding a great many obscure and difficult points in the early history of England. Almost all writers on constitu-

tional subjects have, when dealing with the Heptarchic period, taken over from the laws, the chronicles, and the general literature of the time a large number of special terms and employed them in their own writings without attempting to define the exact significance of each. The result is that few save professional students have any real grasp of Anglo-Saxon terminology, even where it affects the foundations of our historical knowledge. It is the aim of Mr. Chadwick in this book to preface all discussion of larger political, social, and economic themes by such an account of technical words as will reveal their meaning at different epochs. Take, for example, the term "shilling," one of the commonest units in the monetary system. Prior to the eighth century it may have been a coin, but from this period forward, for a considerable time, it was simply a unit of account, and by no means an invariable unit at that. Mr. Chadwick's conclusions, which are partly the result of coördination and partly the fruit of original research, affect the fundamentals of investigation, especially for the age which precedes the reign of Edgar. Every one knows how largely our information regarding social conditions in England during the first four centuries, and more, after the beginning of the Germanic invasions, depends upon the tariffs of Wergeld which were established in the different kingdoms. Mr. Chadwick opens his first chapter thus: "The classification of Teutonic society in ancient times may perhaps be most conveniently attempted by observing the gradations in the monetary payments to which persons belonging to different classes were entitled in compensation for various injuries. For this purpose a clear understanding of the monetary system is an indispensable preliminary." From money we are taken to the social system, thence to administration, and, from a topographical survey of the older countries in connection with their magnates, to the constitution of the national council, and finally to the origin of the nobility. A large part of Mr. Chadwick's work runs parallel with Seebohm's 'Tribal Custom in Anglo-Saxon Law,' and those who take an interest in primitive conditions will be apt to follow carefully the variation of opinion between the two writers. Mr. Chadwick's chapters are divided into numerous paragraphs with special titles, and over each of these the heading "excursus" might with some fitness be written. But while the text on analysis represents a large number of separate and technical investigations, the volume is not destitute of unity, since each study is made to bear upon some large institution. For the Heptarchic period in particular Mr. Chadwick's results are of real value.

SIDGWICK'S ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses. By Henry Sidgwick. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

It is a severe test of an author's work to reprint for the public a collection of essays which appeared, for the most part, in the magazines, and which cover a period of more than thirty years. The volume above named bears it well. It includes a wide range of subjects—economics, education, and literature—and it treats them all with

a solidity, a fulness of knowledge, a many-sidedness, and an occasional sparkle of dry light which keep them alive and informing even when their immediate interest has begun to shift or wane. Most of us have forgotten the stir that was raised about 'Ecce Homo' in the sixties; some of us are already forgetting the dazzling generalizations of Mr. Kidd's 'Social Evolution'; but there are very few who will not be benefited by reading the essays in which Mr. Sidgwick applies a dose of history and of sound reasoning, and brings his piercing analysis to prick the amateurish bubbles of each of these brilliant works.

The long and important essays on Bentham and Benthamism, and on the Relation of Ethics to Sociology, as well as the address before the British Association on the Scope and Method of Economic Science, belong, of course, to the author's specialty, and carry the weight of a distinguished and independent investigator. The remaining papers, on the poems and prose remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, on Shakspeare's Methods and the Romantic Drama, on the Pursuit of Culture as an Ideal, and on the Theory of Classical Education, illustrate the extraordinary breadth of Sidgwick's sympathies, as well as the range and depth and thoroughness of his studies. Wide as this range is, there is in his treatment of this varied matter absolutely nothing of the amateur. Whether he is discussing the niceties of the hexameter in English, or the subtleties and affinities of Clough's very subtle genius, the breadth of his equipment is as remarkable as his insight: he need ask no favors nor allowances from the professional litterateur. The discussion of Shakspeare's use of Plutarch and of Holinshed, or of his transitions from prose to verse, is full of thought and suggestiveness; it reveals the scholar who knows his editors and commentary well, and his author even better than the commentators. On the whole, with a bent and method which are strictly scientific, Professor Sidgwick here presents in himself an admirable illustration of his own conception of the meaning and value of culture.

The closing essay sums up this ideal, and puts it very clearly: "To pursue culture is to live in the fullest manner, exhausting those higher modes of mental and social life from which our finest human pleasures spring." Whether this is needful he does not discuss; he had never heard of one of our great universities expressly disclaiming culture as the end or aim of any one of its hundreds of courses of instruction. He assumes that culture—the training of a supple intelligence, the ardor of scientific curiosity, the pursuit of ideas—constitutes one of the betterments of life. To join this with a trained taste and sensibility to beauty is "the problem for those who pursue the idea of good." The exercise of these tastes and powers, the assimilation of varied knowledge and ideas, till a man's soul becomes a harmonious organism looking out on the world through many windows, and from each receiving views and impressions which modify and delight the denizens within—this may well be the goal of a general education. The pedant, then, is not a man of culture; the specialist is not a man of culture, even so far as his special knowledge goes—on the contrary, he must strive and struggle against the

cramping of his thought, to escape from the prison of his specialty. Science is an exacting mistress, and seems to claim an exclusive devotion. It claimed everything from Darwin, for instance, as it might from Mr. Burbank; but Darwin had a mission, Mr. Burbank is called. The rest of us, generally speaking, are not so sure that we have a mission, a *vita vota*. The student, then, must struggle against this exclusive claim of his specialty, against cramps and fetters; and in this "noble conflict," as Mr. Sidgwick calls it, nothing helps more than the habit of delight in the best literature.

The longest and one of the weightiest essays is that entitled "The Theory of a Classical Education," which was published in 1867 as a contribution to the collection edited by F. W. Farrar under the name of "Essays on Liberal Education." This is a cool and thorough analysis of the methods and claims of classical education, in England more especially, at that period; and, at the same time, an estimate of the share which Greek and Latin might contribute toward an ideal training and education. It is an estimate made by a judicious and dispassionate friend of classical studies, who understands every side of the subject and treats it with an intimate, inside knowledge of its details. His object is to weigh accurately the exact kind of culture and mental discipline which classical studies may impart, and to settle the rival claims of certain other subjects which should be included in a rounded education. He shows himself in firm possession of the essential facts of the case, while resorting neither to sentiment nor invective, nor to vague and sweeping statements—snares which peculiarly beset the discussions of enthusiastic classicists, and from which the calmer scientist is not entirely free. The old-fashioned headmaster, when rhapsodizing over the mystic virtues that reside in the practice of Latin composition, is, like a fond parent, *capable de tout*—"No religious nation," says Mr. Thring, "can give up Greek!" If Mr. Sidgwick has once lapsed into eloquence, it is in the admirable appeal which he makes for the study of Physical Science as an essential part of the equipment of every thoughtful and intellectual man of our epoch. How can such a man absolve himself from the effort to frame a reasoned synthesis of the facts of the universe? How could the most devout Platonist absolve himself from such an obligation, since Plato once required geometry as the passport to his Academy? At the same time, he protests against the notion that Science and Literature are alternatives between which a choice must be made. He had never met the recent girl-graduate who had spent a painful year on experiments in dredging, and who announced herself as "an engineer, thank Heaven, without culture!" He insists, on the contrary, that all boys, whatever be their special bent and destination, should be really taught literature—to enjoy poetry and eloquence, to interest themselves in history, and in whatever concerns the life and spirit of mankind.

It is not possible to dwell on Sidgwick's minute and careful appraisal of the value of classical training and of its defects; but a few striking points may be summarized. Greek and Latin are not Siamese twins; for educational purposes they may be separated

with great convenience and advantage. The main objects of the study of an ancient language may be successfully attained by teaching only one of these two, and for many good reasons that one should be Latin. The vocabulary of Latin is easier to learn and easier to retain; it is profusely mixed and entangled with the vocabulary of English, French, Italian, and Spanish—it explains the meanings of many words in all of these languages, and the verbal forms in three of them. It may almost be said that it saves time to begin a study of the Romance languages with a knowledge of Latin; to annex any one of these to Latin is a highly labor-saving process. Moreover, it is a method to be commended for another reason. For the first two years the beginner in Latin creeps at a snail's pace, and his soul is fed chiefly on Caesar's 'Gallic War.' It helps much to associate with this some easier language which permits more rapid reading, and, for this purpose, none is superior to French. As the final aim in learning an ancient language is to read its literature, the true way to attain this power is to read and to keep on reading, carefully and with comprehension. To write Latin is a very different matter. It is useful to fix the idioms and the grammar; but anything beyond this is surplusage. So far from being a useful introduction to English composition, as some of the schoolmasters contend, it might prove a damage to English style. Neither Shakspeare nor Aristophanes had the privilege of such practice. Each language has its own rhetoric, in a way, its own idiom and laws of periodic rhythm. The practice of another language is not likely to further acquaintance with these; it might, indeed, blunt the natural instinct, the unconscious tact which are essential to the bloom of literature. No great stylist ever wrote his best in a foreign tongue—much less, therefore, a great poet. Latin or Greek versification is a sort of embroidery to be cultivated by those who have the knack of it. Professor Jebb's lyrics may even be useful practice for an editor of Sophocles or of Pindar. They give pleasure to himself and to scholars. Would they have given pleasure to Pindar?

In this general appraisal of the results of classical training, Sidgwick compares it with that afforded by the sciences. He remarks that the discipline derived from the study of language is, within certain limits, analogous to that afforded by the study of any one of the natural sciences; each of them exercises memory, attention, comparison, generalization, and the application of rules, the habit of applying these with quickness and accuracy, and finally the habit of using the faculty of judgment. Of course, this quasi-scientific discipline does not come at all to the student who avails himself of the short-cuts offered in Bohn's Library. Nor, again, does the study of language afford the slightest discipline in the most important of the scientific habits—the habit of reasoning from effects to causes and from causes to effects. For this discipline we look naturally to physics and chemistry. The training in classification which most immediately fits us for life, is that which the natural sciences afford; the processes which the student applies in these, afford just the lessons in method and arrangement which he must apply to any part of the

business of life." So, at least, thinks Sidgwick, and in this we follow him with some misgiving.

The upshot of Sidgwick's heresies goes no further than to recommend that school-boys should receive a substantial course of instruction in English literature and in natural science; and that the study of Latin should be accompanied by the study of French. Greek he would exclude from the earlier stage of the school curriculum; at the age of sixteen a boy who is already well grounded in Latin and French would readily grasp sufficient Greek for an appreciation of the literature. He is strongly opposed to "teaching a large number of things all inadequately and superficially, so that verbal memory is substituted for real apprehension." This was the programme which Sidgwick urged in 1867; he is arguing with schoolmasters who believe in the primacy and the divine right of the classics, and he is obliged to make an appeal for a modicum of science and of English. It is interesting to see how completely the tables are turned in the present day and in England. The recent debates at Oxford, it is true, revealed a few glimpses of the ancient bigotry; and at a meeting of "The Classical Association of England and Wales," Professor Ramsay reported from certain enthusiasts—a land agent, a distinguished surgeon, and a general—how in moments of trial they had been sustained by the vigor and dexterity acquired in writing Latin verses. Such pious faith it would be irreverent to gainsay or dispute. But the general tone of that discussion is of men on the defensive, driven back to the entrenchments of sober common sense and practical usefulness. An avowed object of the Association is "to improve the practice of classical teaching by free discussion of its scope and methods."

On our side of the water Sidgwick's programme offers no surprises. If he had been summoned as privy-councillor, the colleges and universities could hardly have followed his advice more implicitly. We are speaking, of course, of those universities which are something more than groups of technical or strictly professional schools. The predominance of English, the requirement of some science, are firmly established; the combination of Latin and French or German, or both, is almost universal; while for many years instructors in the classics have been conspicuously sober and moderate—chastened, almost—in their claims. One surprising result of the adoption of this scheme of studies is the extraordinary pedestal to which Latin has been raised, and its unaccountable popularity.

The wise and able report of the "Committee of Twelve" experts on classical studies in the secondary schools took final shape in 1898, and presented a remarkable situation. This was, in brief, that while the increase of pupils in the secondary schools, within nine years, far outran the increase of population, the enrolment of pupils in Latin exceeded the rate of increase in any other study; it had, in fact, gained 174 per cent., while that in Greek had gained 94 per cent. About one-half of all the pupils took Latin, while about one student in twenty chose Greek. The Committee expected "in the next decade an even more rapid increase in the enrolment in Greek." This expectation is far from be-

ing fulfilled. Commissioner Harris's tables show that in 1902 the total number of students in Greek had actually fallen off about three thousand from 1898, while the Latin enrolment had gained fifty thousand; algebra alone had displaced the supremacy of Latin in the public high schools.

Dr. Collar, after a lifetime spent in teaching Latin, makes an elaborate confession that he is struck more and more with the difficulties it presents to the tyro. Roger Ascham, who wrote Latin fluently, compromised slightly with its subjunctives, and managed nevertheless to maintain his scholarly peace of mind. Sidgwick keenly observes that, though Latin grammar forms an excellent introduction to the principles of universal grammar, yet nine-tenths of the special rules of Latin syntax the ordinary student may conveniently and cheerfully forget. All this goes to prove that the vogue of Latin is somewhat artificial; like Greek, though in a less degree, it requires to be a *protected* study. If Latin ceased to be required for admission to college, if it were begun in the university, how long would its extraordinary vogue flourish? Protection in such cases seems entirely justifiable. It is the function of the university not merely to meet the wants of the people, but to dictate to the people, to prescribe *de haut en bas* their tastes and training. In the realm of intellect "the rule of the many is not good," a strict democracy is impossible.

It is quite certain that there is something a little artificial in the present depression of Greek study in this country. It has been the subject of a strong and deliberate "bear" movement. It has been pelted skillfully with epithets which would be successful in any political caucus; it has been called "dead," a fetish, and, worst of all, "unpractical." That single word would settle its merits in the eyes of parents who do not reflect that chemistry is unpractical, or mathematics, or any modern language, in a sense, if it lies fallow and disused in a student's mind after leaving school or college. Much more is their judgment influenced when such assaults are made by men in high places in education. Again, there is no true sense in which a poem of Sappho or a play of Euripides can be called dead. The latest vaudeville or melodrama is more accessible, but it is not so much alive. The "Agamemnon" or the "Medea" may outlive "Pelléas et Mélisande," or "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

The "Lecture against Lecturing," sustains with delightful humor and originality a thesis advanced by Darwin in his autobiography. Why should students be compelled to listen to lectures if they can read and digest the same matter at leisure from the printed page, or the instructor can provide it in a printed form? In reading, the quick and clever student can vary his pace and compare passages at his own convenience; he can skip what is familiar, and dwell on what he finds difficult, and this is a much greater advantage than any help which he derives from the inflections and emphasis of the lecturer. The very act of taking notes interferes with the benefit that might be derived from attention to the speaker's voice and manner. The task of taking notes, at its best, is the task of a stenographer, and in its final result

is equivalent to the process of multiplying copies by the printing-press. Neither is it so accurate as printing. The student mishears occasionally, and is misled by his own mistakes. He may spell "the universal I" with an *eye* as a faithful pupil is said to have done in his report of a series of lectures on the doctrines of Transcendentalism. Is not the practice of lecturing, then, in many cases, a wasteful survival of the mediæval schools before the invention of printing?

There are, of course, exceptions and limitations. Some classes of lectures cannot be dispensed with—for example, those on science and art in which experiments or specimens must be introduced; and discourses which appeal to the emotions or in which the method is dialectic. But in linguistics, in mathematics, in history and moral science, the ordinary expository lecture is an "antiquated survival." The student, if he has any intelligence and eagerness, should first of all be supplied with printed sources, and the lecture should be supplementary, devoted chiefly to explanations and discussions of difficulties. The lecturer should be encouraged to print his own contributions to science, and put them in the pupil's hands, instead of holding them back as he does now. At present, if he prints, his secret is out—he has killed the goose that lays the golden egg, if the comparison be permitted. It is a pity that such motives and such a predicament should trammel the progress of the student. It is for the élite that Sidgwick recommends this economy of time. In the case of the ordinary academic crowd, it may increase, perhaps, the chance of their learning something if they are dragged to lectures at stated intervals.

Yet it is well known that, in our largest university, droves of students are daily led to such fountains of knowledge chiefly in the forenoon hours, and that they successfully escape drinking the refreshing waters. They prefer to wait till the last moment and resort to Sidgwick's aid of the printed pages or abstract; they do this at the end, however, instead of at the beginning of their terms. Their case is a capital illustration of the futility of lecture-courses for the multitude and the common herd, if anything serious is to be accomplished. There is a further exception to be made to these strictures. A great or unusual personality may be so impressive and inspiring that it is more fruitful to listen to him than to read the printed pages. Most of us are fortunate enough to recall instances of this kind—the speaker whose thought flows fresh as he speaks, and kindles the thought of his hearer. Such a gift may warm even a lecture on Modern Algebra or on the Law of Torts, and the fortunate listener will do well to take a minimum of notes and give the undivided attention of his brains.

BROWN'S HOGARTH.

William Hogarth. By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. (The Makers of British Art.) London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

In the preface to this book the author comments on the varied products of Hogarth's genius, and goes on to say:

"The relations of these very different kinds of work to each other and to his whole *œuvre* are not easy to fix, and the

judgments of critics on their comparative values have varied from age to age. Hence there is always room for a fresh and independent treatment of Hogarth's life and art, such as is attempted in the following pages."

In his own time, and immediately afterwards, Hogarth made such an impression by the obviousness of his moralizing and satirizing that his qualities as a painter were hardly thought of at all, and it was almost forgotten that he painted pictures—not merely designed moral plates to be spread abroad by cheap engraving. His earlier commentators were literary men who thought only of his meanings, never of his art, and Charles Lamb conceived he was paying him the highest possible tribute when he said: "His graphic representations are indeed books; . . . other pictures we look at—his prints we read." Gradually it has dawned upon the world that Hogarth was a sound and admirable painter, if not a brilliant one, and that his little *genre* pictures, entirely apart from their literary value, are capable of giving a pleasure analogous in kind, if not comparable in degree, to that afforded by the works of the wonderful little Dutchmen; while his portraits, if they have not the sensuous charm of those of Reynolds or Gainsborough, are yet solid and serious presentations of human personalities. The more his work has been studied from this fresh point of view, the better it has been liked, and there has been a tendency in each new treatment of Hogarth to rank him higher as a painter; but until now no one has had much to say for those "historical pictures" which the artist himself was quite sure were equal to the works of any old master whatsoever, but which no one else could be induced to take seriously.

Strangely enough, Hogarth was himself largely responsible for the contempt with which his most ambitious efforts were treated. He believed them to be great works, but his hatred of foreigners, his scorn of pretence, and his robust self-conceit led him to minimize the effort they had cost him and the degree of his preparation for them, and to proclaim himself self-taught. He shouted aloud: "See how easy it is! This I did with no study of your Italians, with no humbug about the grand style, with no training but a habit of observation." The world took him at his own valuation, but refused so to take the pictures, and considered them the amateurish and rather impudent efforts of an uneducated artist, who had no business to leave his copper-plates and set up for an historical painter. Listen to Northcote, Sir Joshua's pupil, echoing and exaggerating his master's opinions: "As to his large pieces," he says, "they appear to be the efforts of imbecility; he was totally without the practice required for such works."

The originality of Professor Brown's book is in his effort to show that these much-decried works are far more respectable than they have been thought, and that Hogarth's preparation for them was far greater than he chose to believe—that, in fact, he was fairly well grounded in the traditions of art, and worked in the style of his own time and school. "The blunders in the matter of historical painting," says Professor Brown, "were not Hogarth or his predecessors, but the later men of

the period after Reynolds, who took themselves seriously"; and, again: "To Reynolds, and through Reynolds to his successors, this 'grand' or 'historical' style became a mystery that was to be approached in the spirit of a candidate for initiation. There is really no mystery about the style. It is simply figure-painting on a monumental scale applied to subjects of a religious, or classical, or allegorical order."

From reading the text alone of this book, one might believe that Professor Brown had fairly well made out his case, and, indeed, an inspection of the plate of "The Pool of Bethesda" is sufficient to show that that picture is by no means the work of an audacious innovator relying entirely on his own genius and his personal observation of nature. Its faults are many, but the most obvious of them is its utter conventionality. It is an evident piece of imitation of the traditional art of the earlier eighteenth century, and, but for its lack of elegance, might be labelled "made in France." But because Hogarth was unoriginal in this work, it does not follow that he was well equipped for it, or because it was done before he was forty that it was not the experiment of a painter trained in another school. The question really resolves itself into that of the justice of Sir Joshua Reynolds's strictures on Hogarth, which are quoted as follows:

"After this admirable artist had spent the greater part of his life in an active, busy, and, we may add, successful, attention to the ridicule of life; after he had invented a new species of dramatic painting, in which probably he will never be equalled, . . . he very imprudently, or rather presumptuously, attempted the great historical style, for which his previous habits had by no means prepared him; he was, indeed, so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style that he was not even aware that any artificial preparation was at all necessary."

Professor Brown tries to show that Reynolds was wrong both in his statement of fact and in his criticism. As to the facts, Appendix I. shows clearly, as the text does not, that Reynolds was substantially right. "Hogarth's ambitious efforts at St. Bartholomew's," says the Professor, "date from an early epoch [1736] in his career." Now, as Hogarth was born in 1697 and died in 1764, he may quite literally be said to have spent the greater part of his life before 1736. But if that is a quibble, let us consider these dates. Hogarth's first plates date from 1720, his small "conversation pieces" in oil from 1725, so that he had been an engraver for sixteen years and a painter for ten before he tried the grand style. The "Harlot's Progress" was published in 1732 and the "Rake's Progress" in 1735, so that he had certainly invented his "dramatic painting," and, indeed, perfected and long practised it, before he began "The Pool of Bethesda." Reynolds may have been thinking of the "Sigismunda" of 1759, and have forgotten earlier essays in the same direction; but his instinctive feeling that Hogarth had abandoned a style of work in which he was a master for one in which he was a novice, was justified by the facts. As to the criticism, he was still more indisputably in the right. It is all very well to sneer at Reynolds's solemn phrases about the "great historical style," but, after all, there is something more requisite to the style he called by that name than will fit out an admirable painter

of *genre*. The "grand style" is, if you like, "nothing more than figure-painting on a monumental scale"; but that scale, and the difference of subject, do demand some "artificial preparation." The composition which is quite satisfactory for a "conversation piece" will not answer for a great monumental picture; the observation which will insure the lifelike representation of a beadle or a bailiff will not extend to the beautiful rendering of the nude figure; the skill in coloring which will make charming a canvas thirty inches long, will not make splendid one of thirty feet. The two arts are eternally different, and success in either does not guarantee success in the other. Probably Veronese could not have painted like Ver Meer—certainly Ver Meer could not have painted like Veronese.

That Reynolds himself was but an indifferent practitioner in the "grand style" is nothing to the purpose. He could not produce it, any more than could Fuseli or Barry or Haydon, or any other English painter; but he knew what it was, he knew that Hogarth had failed in it, and he had a perfect right to say so. *Tu quoque* is the poorest of arguments. If Reynolds might not criticise the performance of Hogarth because his own was little better, what becomes of the right of any of us, including Professor Brown, to criticise Reynolds? And that we have discarded the vocabulary of eighteenth-century criticism, that we have readjusted the eighteenth-century scheme of values, that we recognize a great artist in Chardin and suspect a pompous humbug in Anibale Caracci—all this is no reason for confusing unlike things, and maintaining that Chardin could have decorated the Sistine if he had had the opportunity, or that Hogarth was other than a bungler in his attempts at monumental painting.

If we have devoted so much space to this topic, which really occupies but a small portion of the book under review, it is because it is the only portion which is especially new. With the exposition of the better known side of Hogarth's art, as with the account of his life, we have no quarrel. Indeed, it is partly because the volume is much better than the average of the series to which it belongs that we have noticed it at such length. But, really, a Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh should have a better sense of perspective.

The Evolution of the Constitution of the United States of America, and History of the Monroe Doctrine. By John A. Kasson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Mr. Kasson's account of the Evolution of the Constitution was originally written at the request of the Constitutional Centennial Commission. The first edition was published as a part of two memorial volumes, and was soon exhausted. The present revision is designed to meet a popular demand, and for the use of students of Constitutional law. For this purpose the concise historical method adopted by the author is well fitted. In a couple of hundred pages he contrives to give an account of the organization of the Government (as well as of the events which led to it) in a narrative form, while the proceedings of the Convention are classified by subjects, *e. g.*, the legislative power, the

judicial power, the executive power, in the usual way. This ought to be a good handbook for beginners, but is not a law-book, and does not cover the field occupied by such a book as Cooley's well-known treatise.

Fifty pages are added on the history and theory of the Monroe Doctrine, which Mr. Kasson declares "has acquired so much authority, both at home and abroad, that its influence over our people and their representative statesmen has become almost equal to that of a provision of the National Constitution." We do not know that Mr. Kasson's theory of the Doctrine is original, but it is certainly very comprehensive, and we suppose reflects pretty accurately the views of those now in power. We cannot witness any new colonization by European Powers, nor any new European military or naval position "in whatever way acquired"; nor, again, the transfer to any other European Power of any existing colony. Mr. Kasson admits that the Doctrine is not a part of international law, and does not bind other nations, but thinks it an effective reply that the European doctrine of the Balance of Power was not international law either. But this is not the real *crux* of the Monroe Doctrine. The Balance of Power was quasi-international law for such nations as assented to it, though it might infringe the rights of others; the Doctrine is in conflict with the ordinarily recognized rights of every nation, and hence, if it is to be permanent, must be imposed upon the world by us single-handed. Mr. Kasson seems to think that our correlative obligation not to colonize or interfere in Europe makes it a two-sided arrangement; but since we have taken the Philippines from a European Power, in the quarter of the globe where expansion is most attractive, this is neither obvious nor maintainable.

The Doctrine, as here expounded, prohibits any European Power from settling questions at issue with American States as it otherwise might. Such a power may make war, but may not secure the fruits of conquest; it may collect debts by seizure of custom houses, or by other measures "short of war," but may not permanently hold anything. On the other hand, we notice (p. 269) that our relations with Canada are already causing "anxiety to thoughtful American statesmanship," from which there now appears no certain issue "except its independence." If we ask ourselves what the Doctrine, so interpreted, means, not to us, but to Europe, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it creates for the United States a virtual protectorate of the American continent. If we shield Venezuela or San Domingo from the consequences of their acts, we assume a responsibility for these governments which we can never escape. Thus, the Doctrine is actually producing a receivership of San Domingo under our protection, while our fatherly interest in Venezuela is leading no one knows yet to what. In the end we shall probably escape from such consequences as we do not like by disregarding the extreme view of the Doctrine here put forth; but why is it necessary to have a "doctrine" at all? The devotion to it of shrewd, long-headed public men like Mr. Kasson is always a little surprising to us. It seems with American politicians to have taken the hold upon their minds which

religious dogma might once have gained, and any new definition of it becomes more and more positive and less and less practicable. After all, the relations of States with one another can no more be regulated by a doctrine than the relations of individuals. To educate people to regard it as a fetish is full of danger, and, one may add, absurdity.

In and Around Venice. By Horatio F. Brown. London: Rivingtons. 1905.

It is many years since Mr. Horatio Brown began those delightful sketches of Venice which he subsequently gathered into a volume entitled 'Life on the Lagoons.' They showed him to be better qualified than any other Englishman of his time for writing such sketches. He had lived long in Venice, not as a foreigner, but as one in full sympathy with the people; he loved their customs, their legends, their life; he had a marked talent for description, and a thorough acquaintance with the fine arts; and, later, he made himself conversant with Venetian history. So his sketches were not the mere impressions or emotions of the passing foreign tourist, but such intimate revelations as a cultivated Venetian might have made for his English friends.

Mr. Brown's new volume has the same characteristics. The variety of topics is very wide; it includes seven papers "In the City," as many more "On the Lagoon," and nine "In the Country." As an introduction, there is a general rambling essay on Venice, which, in spite of many attractive parts, gives one the impression of being a warming over of material which Mr. Brown has served more appetizingly at other times. The short papers vary as widely in subject as in treatment. Here one finds a careful account of the Campanile of San Marco and the loggetta of Sansovino, followed by a diagrammed description of the columns in the Piazzetta, which an architect might prize; there he describes, with vivid realism, floods on the mainland, or, with an Alpinist's enthusiasm, relates his ascent of Pavione. His trips to the mainland, including a voyage to Istria, furnish several papers on out-of-the-way places, which one is glad to see through his eyes. Very keen eyes they are, missing no detail of nature or of art, and so sensitive to color that many of his descriptions might be a landscape painter's memoranda.

Mr. Brown has the happy gift of desultoriness. He can, if required, write a matter-of-fact statement; but more often his style goes clad in agreeable garb, and he pauses at will to throw in a reflection, or to explain an historical difficulty, or to tell a story. Being saturated with Venetian lore, he rarely introduces it of set purpose. It is in this lack of insistence, in this ability to suggest an atmosphere, that he differs from most alien writers on Venice. Take the 'Italian Backgrounds' of Mrs. Wharton, for instance, and you will find them by comparison the work of a foreigner; delightful work of their kind, and revealing a sympathetic understanding of Italy, yet still foreign—just as Symonds's sketches are—with a didactic or an insistent manner of discussing art and life which Mr. Brown long since outgrew. Some of his papers are slight, and in others there are repetitions; but, taken as a whole, this volume

is a worthy successor to 'Life on the Lagoons.'

Essais d'Histoire Diplomatique Américaine. Par Achille Viallate. Paris: Guilmoto. 1905.

The favorable impression produced by M. Viallate's book is the result of what may best be described as a cumulative process. Although two-thirds of the matter deals with such burning, or lately burning, questions as Panama and the Spanish War, yet from his first to his last page there is not one heated word, not one opinion put forward denoting bias of any sort. When such a frame of mind is united to the large and accurate knowledge that is to be expected from a professor at the Paris School of Political Science, the result cannot but be valuable.

M. Viallate deals with three subjects, all related: the two just mentioned, and the expansion of the American people. His method is strictly historical, and his great merit is that, although he is accustomed to look for his facts in diplomatic papers, yet he gives American public opinion—which, alas, is often very undiplomatic—its due place as a rightful political factor. The American reader will find little that is new to him in the account of these various questions, but may be struck by a certain inevitableness of political development that the author constantly accentuates.

The slips are on the whole unimportant, and the proper names are so much more correctly given than is usual in French books, that the occasional mistakes must not be complained of. There are two or three points, however, to which the author's attention may be drawn. In his picture of our relations with Spain the years preceding the civil war, and particularly the period of Mr. Soule's agitated mission, are inadequately treated. The same remark applies to the Panama Congress. From M. Viallate's account, it would appear that Admiral Ammen approved the Panama route, whereas at the Congress he supported Nicaragua. More generally, it may be said that it was incumbent on the author, however distasteful to a Frenchman, to state clearly that the Panama Congress was packed, that its vote was worthless, and that De Lesseps went into an enterprise he knew nothing about; this was the minimum of what one had a right to look for on that aspect of the subject. In two places, *souveraineté* is used by M. Viallate for our word *control*: the French word is too wide, and in a diplomatic document the alteration of sense might involve very large consequences. In conclusion, it may be said that a translation of this work might be of great use to students at our colleges, who could not but gain by studying our own history approached from the standpoint of such a detached, temperate, and informed observer.

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